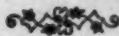


ML  
5  
Q3

THE  
**QUARTERLY**  
**MUSICAL REVIEW.**



EDITED BY  
**HENRY HILES, Mus.D.**



VOL. IV.]

MAY, 1888.

[No. 14.

---

**CONTENTS:**

Instrumentation.—EDITOR.

A Stranger's Visit.—M. L. ARMITT.

Schubert's Death.—MARIAN MILLAR.

Around Musical Terms.—LIONEL BOOTH.

Our Quarterly Register.—HAROLD ROGERS.

---

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

JOHN HEYWOOD,  
DRANGATE AND RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER;  
AND 11, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS,  
LONDON.  
1888.

NOTICE.

*Further Numbers of this Review may be obtained direct from the Publisher, John Heywood, Deansgate and Ridgefield, Manchester, and 11, Paternoster Buildings, London; from Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, London; or through any book or music seller in the kingdom. The Editor cannot undertake to forward copies or to receive subscriptions.*

*The attention of past subscribers is especially called to this notice.*







THE

# Quarterly Musical Review.

---

## INSTRUMENTATION.

### FROM THE ORGAN TO THE ORCHESTRA.

#### II.

IN scoring, the contrast in kind of tone afforded by the three great sections of the orchestra gives an attractively varied colouring, which, frequently, enables a skilled writer to invest with some amount of charm extremely feeble ideas. Hence, in a great measure, the interest which orchestral music has beyond that which the very best chamber works, scored exclusively for instruments of one kind of clang, excites; except when the listener is endowed with such a keen perception of innate purity of thought and ready insight into power of constructive grasp as enable him to penetrate, and to become absorbed in, the beauty of a fancy, without being altogether dependent on the brightness of the colouring with which it is tinged. Diversities of tone—like variety in all other modes of expression—must powerfully aid the imagination: but to some hearers they are essential. To them the uniform colouring of a string quartet is, when compared with the glare and vividness of an orchestral presentation of the same ideas, as a quiet engraving is to a gaudy painting. The untrained ear or eye must have its lesson made clear and

unmistakable, or it is unable to learn it. Many modern works, with high-sounding titles of great pretension, would, if divested of their varied orchestral effects, and reduced to their simple, inherent, musical value, appear extremely bald and commonplace. A great deal that is far worse than nonsense—because it is positively injurious and absolutely perverse of all right judgment—is talked and written about our “Tone-Pictures,” and our “Idylls;” in which, frequently, the symphonic treatment has no poetic hallowing, and the pictures are mere ruled-out, regulated maps, with carefully-worked details and highly-coloured borderings.

Whenever the relative worth of an idea and of its expression is lost sight of criticism degenerates into the grossest cant and twaddle. Redundance of utterance should never be suffered to hide poverty of thought, whatever may be the particular form of expression selected.

In the handling of a full orchestra an author should remember the weight of the power he invokes, the brilliance of his colours, the high sound and pretension of the language and imagery he uses; and not suffer all to be bent to an unworthy, or inadequate, purpose. Once more will a knowledge of the Organ, and of its music, help him greatly in estimating the worth of that to which he proposes to devote so mighty an influence, as well as in judging of the effect of contrast and variety of tone.

But a too great, or exclusive, devotion to the organ may lead to the neglect of those lighter and brighter mixtures of tone which—although possible upon the king of instruments—are not frequently derived from it. A too serious, churchy, or heavy style must be avoided, whether in the development of themes or in their presentation. “*Kapellmeister's* music” is regarded with such suspicion that it would be strange were no trace of the supposed process of manufacture found by eyes and ears keenly searching for it. And, while it really is difficult for an experienced organist to satisfy himself with a fashion of orchestration of an insinuating or suggestive, rather than a demonstrative or insistent efficacy, generally he labours under the yet stronger influence of long connection with church-music, in which dignity of thought and solidity of construction are more esteemed than brightness or variety of fancy.

In the following versions of the little phrase which I adopted for my examples varying degrees of force are intended to be used; together with—as pointed out—different qualities of tone; giving in some cases more wealth, in others greater brilliance of resonance:—

# Instrumentation.

67

(k)  
Violas, divided.

Violas, divided. Cello. Double Bass. The real sounds being an octave lower.

This block contains three staves of music. The top staff is for Violas, divided, in treble clef. The middle staff is for Cello, in bass clef. The bottom staff is for Double Bass, in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

This block continues the musical score for the three staves from the previous block. It shows the continuation of the melodic and harmonic lines for the Violas, Cello, and Double Bass.

(l)  
Bassoons.

Bassoons. Horns (actual pitch).

This block contains two staves of music. The top staff is for Bassoons, in bass clef. The bottom staff is for Horns, in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

These Horn parts might be combined with the strings of version k. The high notes of the Bassoons are—unless overblown—not objectionable in the above; for it is advisable that these should be made prominent.

(104)

### Balloons.

993f

Horns (actual sounds).

Violas (divided).

**'Cello.**

mj

D. B. (actual pitch).

**united.**

*Instrumentation.*

69

(n)

*pp* Clarinet.

*p* Violins.

*mf* Viola.

*p* Cello.

(o)

Flutes.

Oboes.

Clarinet.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Violas.

*Instrumentation.*

71

(p) *Boldly.*

Flutes.

Oboes.

Clarinets.

Horns.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

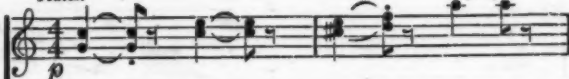
Viola.

Cello.

D.B.

(g)

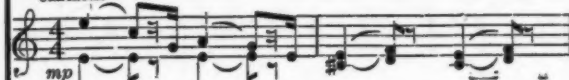
Flutes.



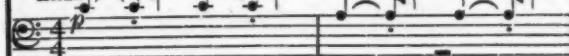
Oboes.



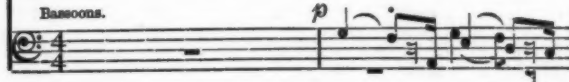
Clarinets.



Horns.



Bassoons.





(7)

Violin.

Clarinet.

Bassoons.

This block contains the first system of musical notation for three instruments. The Violin part (treble clef) begins with a whole rest followed by a semiquaver interlude. The Clarinet part (treble clef) plays a semiquaver interlude. The Bassoon part (bass clef) plays a four-part harmony. All parts are in 4/4 time.

This block contains the second system of musical notation for the same three instruments. The Violin part continues with its semiquaver interlude. The Clarinet part continues with its semiquaver interlude. The Bassoon part continues with its four-part harmony. All parts are in 4/4 time.

Or the fourpart harmony may be assigned to the strings; and the semiquaver interludes be given to a solo Violin; or be played, an octave lower, by a Clarinet.

(s)

Oboe.

Clarinet.

Wind.

Horns or Bassoons.

Strings.

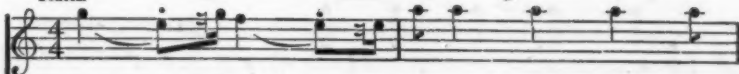
Cello.

Instrumentation.

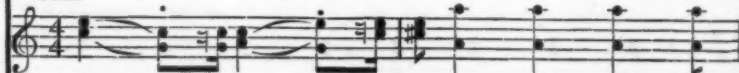
75

(4)

Flutes.



Oboes.



Clarinets.



Bassoons.



Four Horns.



Two Trumpets.



Three Trombones.



Drums.



Violina.



Viola.



Cello.



D. B.



This musical score is for a piece titled "Instrumentation." on page 76. It consists of ten staves of music, arranged in five systems of two staves each. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and trills. The first system (staves 1-2) features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system (staves 3-4) includes a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third system (staves 5-6) shows a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth system (staves 7-8) includes a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth system (staves 9-10) features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The score includes several trills, marked with "tr." above the notes. The notation is complex, with many notes and rests, and some notes are marked with "tr." above them. The score is written in a standard musical notation style, with notes, rests, and trills. The notation is complex, with many notes and rests, and some notes are marked with "tr." above them. The score is written in a standard musical notation style, with notes, rests, and trills. The notation is complex, with many notes and rests, and some notes are marked with "tr." above them.

tr. tr.

'Cello.

No parts have, in any of the foregoing, been written for Alto Clarinets, because in few orchestras are those useful instruments found. But any high Bassoon parts for which great prominence is not desirable would be less obtrusive (and would therefore blend better with the remainder of the orchestration) if assigned to the low (so funnily called "Alto") Clarinets.

And the lowest notes of the ordinary Clarinets are just a little coarse in tone: so that larger instruments of the same model would be preferable for nearly all the sounds below middle C.

The Oboe is not altogether pleasant in the lowest fifth of its compass: so that, when deep sounds of its character are required for a solo the *Cor Anglais* should be used. When necessary, the second Oboe player takes the *Cor Anglais*.

And it should be remembered, not only that the lowest notes of any reed instrument are coarse, but that each voice and instrument has a centre of greatest sonority, from which the sounds shade off into comparative obscurity and ineffectiveness. As with the whole range of musical vibrations (which gain character, warmth, and effect as they approach the central sun), so with each generator of vibrations. Such of its sounds as partake of its full vibrational efficacy, being not too deep for their waves to be properly stimulated by its force, nor so shrill as to have little character except pungency; and are, also, fairly within the general range of strong, ample resonance, should be sought out and used. For example. The true strength of a Violin lies in the notes appertaining to its second and third strings. The instrument is too small properly to reinforce the vibrations of the fourth string, the tones of which are, indeed, not proportioned to its length. The larger Viola affords those sounds much more richly; while its notes, also, become tubby and hollow in the deepest fifth of its compass. The 'Cello carries on the scale; but the lowest sounds not only require a larger vibrating surface, and more powerful stimulation, but are getting beneath the range of really resonant tones; so that their effect—although modified and reinforced by their stronger harmonics, which lie in a region of brighter sonority—is vague and unsatisfactory. Again the experience of the organist comes in helpfully. He knows that, as he gets lower down the scale of the reeds, power is obtained only with coarseness and lack of blending musical quality; and that his larger flue pipes are most effective when the primary harmonics are fully elicited by their resonant response to the higher pitches.

The inherent qualities of each instrument should, therefore, be diligently studied until its true and happiest orchestral use is ascertained.

All the preceding versions of the selected theme have been constructed upon the simple outlines of the text, as the more obvious and effective modes by which the meaning of the phrase may be clearly expressed. But the addition of florid parts, in the ways suggested in some of the later examples, by no means exhausts the effects to be obtained by such means of adornment. The great sections of the orchestra supply modes of presentation so varied as, occasionally, to give to detached phrases almost the character of new subjects.

Among comparatively novel modes of orchestration are some in which an organist may be tempted to indulge too much. For a short time four-part scoring for Violins is—like the streaming tone of a Swell Organ, with a wealth of 8 feet soft reedy tone—very pleasing: and a judicious mixture of 8 and 16 feet flue tone—although easily rendered too heavy and lugubrious, and always forming an accompaniment very trying to singers—may, if very briefly used, be effective.

But the craze now so prevalent for Muted Violins—with their miserable scratching and whining—the student must carefully shun. Mutes affect the *character* of the tone, even more than its loudness. Without going so far as to aver that mutes ought never to be used, certainly the modern frequency of their employment ought to be checked. Violinists ought to be able to play softly without them; just as piano-players should, without damping, or leaving unused, two of the strings belonging to a note: and no comparison could be instituted between the tone of the unfettered vibration of a bowed instrument and the *Vox Humana* cackling produced when the vibration of the bridge is clogged and deadened.

The *staccato* rendering of quick passages by Bassoons has already been referred to as often ludicrous: it, frequently, deserves the greater anathema.

The tone of the Horn will, I suppose, continue to fascinate: and it, certainly, is greatly preferable to that of the higher notes of a Bassoon. But the organist should remember that the ease with which his reed-pipes yield their sounds by no means attends horn-blowing. Even now-a-days—with all the facilities afforded by valves and pistons—the constant anxiety of player, conductor, and listener is excited during the Horn solos so favoured by orchestrators.

Rising dissonances are effective enough when given by well-tempered instruments, or by such as are capable of slightly sharpening the pitch

of the notes. When they are allotted to the bowed instruments the leading tendency of the sharpened notes, and the inclination toward yet higher pitches, are instantly recognised and encouraged. But, of all atrocities in scoring, the assignment of them to low-toned, unyielding, reed instruments is the grossest. It is dreadful to have to listen to the lowest register of the Clarinets, and occasionally the deeper notes of the Bassoons, with, possibly, a reinforcement by bellowing Tubas, growling, with coarsest tone, extreme chords that fairly bristle with their strong tendencies; which the unpliant scale of the instruments will not, ever so slightly, humour.

The great family of Tubas, Euphoniums, and Bombardons has not been introduced in my examples. All such instruments belong to bands of military type; which should be stationed in the open air, and at some distance—often the greater the better—from the listener. In the true orchestra their rough blatanee utterly refuses to coalesce with the more delicate tones of the other instruments; and, therefore, the unwieldy things should—like the Serpent and Ophicleide of former times—be banished from the concert-room. Trombones and Trumpets might be softened and rendered inoffensive if conductors would insist upon their subjugation, and not permit their blowers to advertise themselves so loudly as they love to do. Indeed the soft, sustained breathings of the former are invaluable.

In listening to the gentle tones of the Clavichord, as elicited by Mr. Hipkins—see page 60 of this volume—more than one of the assembled musicians felt a strong desire that some means might be discovered of intensifying and prolonging them without destroying their fairy-like character. Whether the Clavi-harp, which we are promised, may in any degree meet that desire time will show. Unquestionably, the Harp has become indispensable in the orchestra, and supplies a softer, gentler, and yet fuller-toned *pizzicato* than may be obtained from the plucked strings of the Violins: and the completion of its scale and the perfecting of mechanism, so as to bring it more under the control of the executant and more capable of ready modulation, should be diligently striven for.

A complete orchestra of Strings, Harp, Wood-wind, Trumpets (or Cornets), Trombones, and Drums supplies a musician with all the colouring he ought to desire; and, probably, if he be still unsatisfied, with far more than he deserves. The ideas must, indeed, be weighty which such varied tones and vast force may not adequately express; far more weighty than those that seem to be prevalent just now. Or, probably,



their poverty would be more justly estimated by a consideration of the ample adornment they require. Beethoven did pretty well with the orchestras of his time: and Mendelssohn managed to depict his fairy scenes quite satisfactorily, without vulgarising his scores by parts for such instruments as now seem indispensable for the portrayal of our brilliant fancies. Would it not be well to stop short of the bells and steel-bars, the gongs and anvils, and all the rest of the pantomime paraphernalia now being dragged on to the platform to describe the celestial orgies, the fiend rejoicings, the marches to the scaffold, the suicides, and the other nightmare lucubrations of disordered genius?

The power of music is great: but there are horrible "ideas," wretched cravings of perverted imaginations, which may not, and ought not to, be realised by its efficacy. Many of our modern "tone-poems" are unhealthy ravings, belonging to the school of horrors favoured by Mrs. Radcliffe, and prompted by undigested suppers. Neither in their conception nor their execution are they purely artistic or elevating. Satan and his crew have been, of late years, far too much honoured by the attention paid to them. It would be a relief could "*Le Diable*"—under whatever name—be banished for a season from the concert hall as well as from the theatre: but it seems impossible to bury him effectually. He disappears down one trap only to spring up through another; and even escapes from the flames which seem, in the last scene, to rid us of his presence, and of his ridiculous, dancing-master-like posturings.

Taking our modern orchestra—with such legitimate and congruous completion of the family of the Wood-wind as might allow the heavier-toned instruments to be utilised in their proper place in the score—no one need complain of inadequate means for the portrayal of any luminous ideas with which he may be blessed. When the student has fully studied all the effects that are thus placed at his disposal he should have acquired that skill in the blending and contrasting of his colours that rewards long discipline and perseverance, and which tends to greater clearness of design and of workmanship. The musician who is ever craving after more and more startling tones is following a wrong path. For, just as the most experienced harmonist, familiar with the thousand modifications and inflections of chords, is ever learning more thoroughly to appreciate the beauty of consonance and the pervading influence of its far-reaching laws—and as the practised part-writer strives to render his progressions and combinations clearer and fuller of meaning—so, to the master of the orchestra and of its infinitely chromatised



tinting, will come (as the perfection of his knowledge and the crowning-point of his training) a revelation of that highest art which is simplicity itself.

And it is well, just now especially, that this should be rightly understood, and that we should not suffer ourselves to be dazzled by new lights—electric or other—nor be lured away by “will-o'-th'-wisp” delusions. A knowledge of language is necessary to the orator, but the extremest glibness of speech will not atone for lack of idea. The painter should understand the relationship of colour to colour; but his equipment as a pictorial artist will, indeed, be superficial if it goes no deeper than an appreciation of congruity of tints. And to the musician the medium of expression is the shading of his picture, the mere wording of his poem, whereby he strives to deliver his message and to kindle in the minds of his fellows feelings in sympathy with his own.

A mastery over all the many tone-colourings which an orchestra affords may be acquired by any one who will take the trouble to study the capabilities and suitabilities of the various instruments, will diligently weigh their force, and will exercise a little common sense in using them. It is a power requiring no special genius or extraordinary ability: but it does not come by nature, as some people appear to think it does. Orchestration is, in some sense, the chemistry of tone; having to do with its affinities and antagonisms.

To have something to say, something worthy of all this richness of expressive power, is a much more important qualification in a musician than a never-failing flow of small speech. And when a student, after long schooling, discovers that he really has nothing important to say—that his knowledge of the grammar of the language and of all its forms of expression enables him only to judge other people's utterances, and does not suggest to him any thoughts truly his own and the outcome of his own spiritual movings—then let him decently keep silence, and not weary the world with his small troubles and feeble moanings.

Certainly, I would strongly deprecate his meddling with or tinkering other people's work. Let him not pride himself upon a skill in re-upholstering old furniture; upon finding new and high-sounding words wherein to render more grandiloquent other folks' thoughts, or whereby to furbish up worn-out fancies. It is possible to orchestrate afresh almost anything, and to give it a ghastly air of rejuvenescence: but if the sonatas, or other piano pieces of the great masters, had (in the judgment of their best estimators) been better fitted for the orchestra

than for the instruments for which they were arranged, their authors would not have denied them the more powerful expression.

When a student has grown into a thoroughly educated musician of expanded grasp—having solved the problems of harmony and acquired that melodic readiness and freedom which come when he has learned to swim in sounds and to master the different currents that would irresistibly carry a beginner in this or that direction, when he has followed rhythmic laws till he perceives their fulfilment in the classified forms which have commended themselves to the great architects of music—then he has to select the instrument, or instruments, which will most clearly convey to the world his meaning. In one sense this selection is the consummation of his work—*i.e.*, it must, necessarily, be the final part of his labour. But, though it comes last, it no more rivals in value the earlier stages of his duty than the ornamental cornice of a building equals in importance the firmness of the foundation or the solidity of the structure itself. The fitting choice of relevant words is necessary to the success and perspicuity of a speaker: but fertility of phraseology, without depth or charm of thought, would soon tire any audience worth addressing.

HENRY HILES.

## A STRANGER'S VISIT.

### IX.

THE days of Hunyady's stay sped on without excitement or event. The music meeting at Oldbury had been a success: he had declared himself delighted with it, and remarked that in his own country he could not find better musicians than those self-taught men who dwelt amidst the coalpits. "I believed," he had said to Dr. Wallis, on his return, "that the English were not a musical nation, for no people can be truly musical who depend exclusively on others for music. But perhaps in your land it is the upper classes who restrict themselves to attendance at concerts and public performances, while the lower classes play for themselves."

But he was content there to let the matter rest, and sought to make no more excursions after music. Now that he could use his arm, he played much himself; and for long hours in an evening Margery would sit and listen to him enthralled. After a temporary withdrawal of mood, she had relinquished herself again to the moment; and floated with a stream whose current indeed was too powerful for her to stem. To deny herself pleasure on what might be false grounds of caution seemed aimless; to imagine wrong where no wrong showed would be foolish as well as faithless. So she sang for Hunyady the songs of his heroine, as he composed them, and threw all her powers into the expression of a woman's struggle between passion and right, of an attempt to preserve her faith and her knight's honour by renunciation. And the composer thought, as he heard her, that no work of his had ever been so searchingly, so subjectively represented; and that this was surely to be his greatest achievement in art. Then she listened to him with speaking sympathetic glance as he discoursed about it, and confided to her the points that pleased or baffled him. She was an apt and responsive listener, for though her technical knowledge was not great, she possessed a remarkable intuition in musical matters; and her sympathy was more sensitive and far-reaching than one based on purely æsthetic grounds could have been. She became the companion of his interests, the sharer of his thoughts; and the

charm of her enthusiastic spirit was not lessened by her youth, her gentleness, her soul-lit eyes.

And through it all Edgar Brandon went and came, bitter and discontented. Margery began to avoid him, even, in his harsh and inexplicable moods, to shelter herself from them in Hunyady's joyous company. He watched and waited, in growing uneasiness, for it struck him that this drama might work itself out to a tragic end, for him at least. That he could help his cousin and save her from unhappiness he could not hope; and he began to see that no happiness could exist for him that was not coupled with hers. In his terror for her fate, he partly forgot his own. It seemed no longer to matter whether he were bank-clerk or musician. There was no room for thought of the future, when the present was all-absorbing.

Yet it was this very inertia of interest in his own affairs that roused him to action, and determined him to put into execution a previously-considered scheme. Caution no longer held him back. He felt he should be glad to be roused by the pressure of outward events from this nightmare of brooding suspicion and locked-up feeling. He gave notice to his superior in office that he wished to quit his present employment, and he made active preparations for leaving Coalburn. His fate should not at any rate overtake him inactive.

It was after a few days' absence that he repaired to his uncle's house with the eager unrest that had so often of late driven him there. But this was a special occasion, for Margery's suggestion of a musical evening was to be carried out to-night. Already, when he arrived, the guests were assembled in the large music-room. A subdued hum of talk filled its space, and its floor was covered by groups of men, some in strictest evening attire, some in semi-toilet, some in morning dress. In this assembly all classes of the musical profession in Coalburn were represented, from the tip-top master of the pianoforte, a rival of the host whose charges in themselves bespoke his merit, to his humble brother, whose brass plate on door-way of side street attracted few pupils, in spite of moderate fees. The choirmaster of the suburban church was there; the organist from the town; the musical critic also; men old and young, grey-headed and sprightly, soured and ardent, conceited and humble, musicians of every shade of fortune and temper. To some of them it was a strange thing to meet their fellows on a friendly footing, whom they either had not known before, or had the slightest acquaintance with; and one or two worthy professors were engaged in the most diffi-

cult and diplomatic of all tasks, the arrangement of that happy mean of manners that signifies cordiality for the present moment while preserving the right of frigidity for the future.

As Edgar looked at the assembly from the doorway, it struck him that the corner where the tea-tables were placed under petticoat government was decidedly the most attractive spot in the room. Perhaps it was the smartness of the maids' aprons and caps that gave this effect, or the matronly figure of Mrs. Brandon in black silk and lace, or the maidenly graces of Margery as she deftly wielded the sugar-tongs and cream-jug; but in whatever the charm lay, it was certain that several masters of music, young in years and susceptible in nature, were of his mind, for they hovered around as if they scented out better things here than amongst their brethren in art. After one glance round, that convinced him that Hunyady was not near, Edgar pushed through their ranks with the boldness of a privileged person, and approached his cousin. She was looking very bright, sweet, and lovely indeed, to even an unprejudiced eye. Her dress was pretty and light, and in the lace of its square-cut bodice a dense cluster of sweet violets nestled, and threw a subtle scent around; a smile of almost radiant happiness lit her face, and her eyes, usually dreamy and absorbed in expression, shone with the consciousness of present pleasure. Edgar smiled himself as he looked at her.

"Well, Madge, you have had your way," he said; "and it doesn't look at present like a success."

"Oh, bird of evil omen!" she answered him lightly, "can I bribe you not to croak by a cup of coffee? Yes, I got my way, and it *is* going to be a success. How can it be anything else when it is my birthday treat—the only one I would consent to have?"

"Ah! you got it that way, did you? Well, Madge, I wish you many happy returns of the day, with not quite so many musicians another time to share in the honours."

"It does seem as if there were a great many, certainly, from the number of cups of tea and coffee I have served. I think I shall never be done! Some of them are coming again," she confided to him.

"Then give them weaker tea, or scowl at them. Or shall I scowl, and you manage the tea? It would be a fair division of labour."

"It would be easy work for you," she laughed. "But, Edgar, I wish you would look up Dr. Wallis, and ask him if he won't have something. He hasn't been near."

"He isn't far off, any way. I passed him just now."

"And isn't that Mr. Askew talking with him—the critic who wrote that splendid article on Hunyady in the *Post*?"

"Why, yes, so it is."

"Well, bring him up with Dr. Wallis. I want to know him."

"Ah! is that it? No, Madge, you can't expect it of me," he said in tones of comic disgust. "I will bring up any number of old men you like for tea, but not young ones for introduction. And that young man! Why, he might remain rooted here for the rest of the evening. He is considered by ladies and himself to be the most bewildering and fascinating talker in the world."

"What nonsense!" she laughed again. "Besides, it is your duty to make compensation. Your scowl has already cleared everyone away."

It really looked like it. The diffident young music-professors, who had no certain introduction to go upon, had fallen back in the face of Edgar Brandon's somewhat dominant appropriation of his cousin. When Ernest approached a few minutes later, got up in correctest evening attire, and carrying himself with a supercilious air, there was no stranger within ear-shot.

"Well, Margery," he remarked with a superior laugh, "I hope you're satisfied with your entertainment. I've been the round of the room, and an odder lot by way of muster I never saw. They're awful cads, some of them, and as dull as ditch water."

Margery's colour rose on behalf of her father's guests, but she was happy and gay enough to laugh even at this.

"I have sometimes noticed," she retorted, "that people find in others their own faults. You might look to Herr Hunyady, Ernest: he isn't dull, or a cad, and he doesn't find anyone else so."

"Oh, Hunyady!" drawled the young man, from whose crocodile skin of conceit this sharp arrow glanced lightly. "He can do anything, of course; he's such a swell."

"Even be polite!"

"Where is Hunyady, by the way?" asked Edgar, with a return of uneasiness at mention of his name.

"Somewhere at the further end of the room, making himself agreeable under papa's guidance."

Hunyady was, in fact, making the tour of the company with his host, and being presented to the principal persons in it. This was not an easy matter, Mr. Brandon found, for, where all could not be introduced, dis-

crimination was difficult. He had an inkling that many musicians were being missed in this round who would feel justly hurt by it, while others were gaining an introduction whom he had not desired to distinguish. This annoyed him, and made his manner more restrained than usual; and so these little encounters, that were intended to promote friendliness, were conducted in the stiffest, most formal style. The few Germans present had hailed Hunyady with some warmth, but he had discreetly held himself back from them, lest anything like a clique should be formed amongst the guests.

It was a relief to both when the task was ended; and Mr. Brandon went across to his wife's now empty table to indulge in a few moments' rest and conjugal confidence, while Hunyady paused, naturally, where Margery presided. The Hungarian bowed low and smilingly, for this was his first greeting to Margery personally that day, and he looked at her with a keen, questioning glance in his short-sighted eyes. But there were two listeners near, and he confined himself to an impersonal topic.

"I have come to you, Fräulein Marie," he asserted lightly, "for coffee and consolation." The drawing out of the syllables of the last word on his foreign tongue had a comic effect. "I have heard fifty names, and not one of them I can speak again; I have bowed fifty bows to gentlemen of whom I know nothing but their names. You shall make matters plain to me."

"But how can I?" asked Margery, as she handed him his coffee. A different light had come into her eyes since he appeared: she no longer seemed to see everything that was going on about her. "What is it you want to know?"

"Then tell me first of all this, mein Fräulein," he said, with a gleam of amusement showing in his face. "Do these gentlemen, whom I am to know, know each other?"

"Oh, yes, I think so—some of them, at least."

"Yes? I was not sure. Are they all musicians?"

"Yes."

"What is it they do? Compose, perform, or conduct?"

"I think they most of them teach the pianoforte, and some are organists."

"Mein Gott! there are enough here to teach all England. But point out to me the principal men, that I may say something to them. Show me the most noted performer, the leader of your city orchestra,



the director of your opera house. But, I forget, you have no opera!" This remembrance checked him, and he smiled. "You see, I know nothing of your musical life. What, then, am I to say or do amongst these strangers? Can you furnish me with a key to the problem?"

Margery had for a moment no answer ready, and her eyes strayed over the black groups of men without satisfaction, or without seeing anyone to whom she thought she might specially call attention. Then she looked back at him with a smile. "I think you can furnish the key yourself. These music-masters have come to meet you, but they don't expect you to know them all personally. You will play to them, and that will be sufficient."

Hunyady laughed the low, full-throated laugh that made most men his friends. "If that is so, we will entertain them together. You shall sing and I will play. Yes! and Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown shall remain unidentified. We will spend an evening together, as usual, and our audience shall benefit."

Margery, if she wished to protest, had no time for it, for Edgar, who had disappeared unobserved, now came up with Dr. Wallis and Mr. Askew. While greetings and introductions passed in very cordial style, Hunyady left the group to seek out his host. When he returned, a few minutes later, Margery's attention was being claimed by the young journalist, who was talking to her across the tea-table with a smile, brilliant yet guarded, upon his keen and clever face. She was looking back at him with an open smile that seemed to say, "I admire and like you very well: let us flaunt the flag of cordiality while it is possible." But even while Mr. Askew talked—in the midst of a witty speech—the veil of preoccupation passed over the girl's bright face: her attention was gone, and she answered him irrelevantly. He saw it at once; it was a stab to his vanity to which he was unaccustomed; and turning about to trace its cause, he saw Hunyady waiting behind him. He was struck, like the youth beside him, with the charm of manner, the reverential gentleness with which the Hungarian approached and spoke to Margery.

"Fräulein Prandon," he addressed her, in respect to the listeners around, "your father consents that you should sing. Come, please, with me."

"Oh," she ejaculated, "but I should be afraid to sing before so many people. I have never done it."

"You have only to sing as you sing to me," he reminded her.

"Ah, yes," she said gently, "I forget. I have sung for you: how, then, can I care for the rest of the world?"



It was a pretty speech, and might not have meant so much as it seemed to say: it might express only a high artistic admiration. Still, as the two moved off, Margery's hand in Hunyady's, as he led her through the room, the eyes of the journalist followed them observantly. Forgetfulness of his own presence could not be attributed to any other than a strong reason.

"So your cousin is a vocalist?" he began to Edgar.

"Oh, she can sing beautifully. But, of course, she only does it at home," Edgar replied, not willing to talk of Margery.

Mr. Askew plainly perceived that no information was to be gained from this quarter, so he walked away, taking the direction also towards the piano, though he stopped on the way with several men he knew.

When Hunyady reached the instrument, with Margery, he paused, standing with his back to the company, and looked at her. They seemed for the first time alone, in spite of the crowd through which they had passed. His eyes rested significantly on the bunch of violets half hidden at her throat, and her blush was an answer to the look.

He spoke rapidly, and in German.

"Happy flowers! They at least have found grace. And my song?"

"Oh, it is beautiful," she answered him slowly in his own tongue.

"Well—it is my best. And yet, Fräulein Marie," he went on in a lower tone, "when I offer you to-day, because it is your birthday, what was from the first intended for you, I know that I have failed as other men have. I have expressed not you, but myself and my own feelings; and my song is not worthy of its occasion."

She found it hard to keep her eyes still turned up to him, and was glad to address her thoughts to the translation of a reply.

"I wish I could tell you how—how proud you make me!"

He laughed at her stammering German phrase, and there was a low joyous ring in the sound.

"Make me prouder still," he said, using again the word she had chosen, "and let me hear you sing it."

"What, now?"

"Why not? It may find its way to the hearts of these stiff gentlemen, who speak low and do not smile, and wake them to memories of their own spring-time. Try it on them at least: they cannot guess its origin."

Margery turned, and he opened the instrument. First she sang, to gain confidence, Stevens's light air to "Sigh no more, ladies," and

Schubert's "Sie mir gegrüsst." Then she reached out a page of manuscript music that had been brought to her that morning smothered in violets, and began the setting to Ben Jonson's verse—

"Have you seen but a bright lily grow,  
Before rude hands have touched it?  
Have you marked the fall o' the snow,  
Before the soil hath smutched it?  
Have you felt the wool of beaver?  
Or swan's down ever?  
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?  
Or the nard in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

Her voice trembled at first, and Hunyady's accompaniment was light as air; but as she sang, forgetfulness came to her, or at least forgetfulness of all but the music and its composer.

There was an air of spontaneity in her singing that seemed akin to inspiration. And when she had done, it was not only she and Hunyady who were carried away by it: there was a hush through the room as if some shock of surprise or pleasure had silenced speech. Edgar Brandon was standing near, his soul in his watching gloomy eyes; and Mr. Askew was close behind him. It was the journalist who broke the spell.

"Charming!" he exclaimed. "You will allow me to congratulate you upon the rendering of the song, Miss Brandon. Only, excuse me, it is I who should have sung it, or Herr Hunyady himself."

Margery's colour rose, though she hardly gauged the meaning of his words.

"It is Herr Hunyady's own," she answered simply.

"Is that so? That adds the charms of meaning to its beauty."

"Its greatest beauty," Hunyady asserted in face of the glib young journalist, "is in the interpretation it has been fortunate enough to receive from Fräulein Brandon."

"Ah! would we had all so sweet a voice to express our meanings! Still, Herr Hunyady, you need no musical auxiliary, whatever the rest of the world may do. You can get your fingers to say about what you want, without aid of voice or words."

Margery smiled. This compliment was more to her taste than the others had been. Hunyady threw his eyebrows up, and looked at her.

"Our little world is on tiptoe to hear you. Aren't we to have that satisfaction again?"

"Why, yes," the pianist said carelessly; and perhaps mistaking his meaning, "I am giving my second recital this week."

"So I am delighted to see from the papers."

"But you will play now," Margery reminded him.

"Oh, do!" Mr. Askew added rapidly. "And teach all the company present the doctrine of silence for the mediocre in the face of superlative merit. Show them that the highest achievement burns up all behind it like a fire, and stands alone, and for ever after unapproachable."

"Oh, no," Margery exclaimed in protest, "play to them, and teach them that the highest is willing to serve others in generous forgetfulness; that it is no devastating fire, that kills what is below itself, but a kindly heat, that warms and nourishes the lowest endeavours, such as—as even mine."

Hunyady made no reply to the contention, but he kept his eyes on the girl while his fingers gripped the keys, and the sound of the preluding chords flashed through the room like an electric shock. Then, in the perfect silence and stillness that prevailed, the pianist began, before an attentive audience, one of Beethoven's greater works. He played other pieces after that, and when he rose from his stool he was animated and roused like his hearers. He induced Margery to stroll through the room with him, and as he stopped here and there to chat and laugh with those he already knew, or whom she pointed out to him, there was neither stiffness nor dullness around them. Others owned by responsive manner to the magic of his presence as well as she; and the evening, for her at least, was a triumph rather than a failure.

## X.

But Margery had other things to experience that night besides pleasure and joy. The entertainment was almost over, the guests were many of them gone, and only a few groups of talkers lingered here and there in the music-room. Mr. Brandon stood at the door, speeding his departing friends, and his wife was not far off, looking as if she, too, were waiting to be gone. Behind her was Margery, who had just received the impressive adieux of Mr. Askew, and she now stood alone, a lingering smile on her lips, but with eyes that had already become dreamy and far-off in look. The evening had been delightful to her; she had been carried out of her ordinary life and mood, and had shared in a bolder and freer spirit of intercourse than she had ever known before. She had tasted for the first time of the pleasures of social

importance, of admiration; she had been drawn from her shady little corner of life into the fuller light of public observation; and the sense of a shielding sympathy that had gone along with it all had been sweet.

A time of social success comes to almost every woman, when people seem suddenly to recognise her charm, and to "pay homage" to it, whether it be of face or wit. The moment generally arrives when some single man is pre-eminently struck by it; for what one will turn his head to gaze at some one else is sure to find admirable. So Margery, the erst schoolgirl, the quiet one of the family, whom no one in the home circle thought ornamental, and who was useful only for warming parental slippers and mending brothers' gloves, was altogether a different person from the Miss Brandon of to-night, who had been looked at with admiring eyes, listened to in surprise, and who had received so much notice from Hunyadi.

The girl was conscious of the change that had taken place, not within herself, but from without. Which was she really—the shy, unnoticed creature, with a passionate and solitary inner life, unguessed at by those about her; or the woman happy and important, communicative through sympathy, with gifts made brilliant by recognition, and in whose voice and eyes and smile some one man might find his earthly heaven? Which of the two would she eventually become? Was this only a fleeting moment? Would she float on the tide of success and admiration, with that strong hand in hers that was the secret of her strength and her smile, or must she retreat again to her shady and lonely nook?

But to-night definite questions like these did not trouble her. She was on the crest of the wave of happiness, at that pause before it makes the final curve, to fall and be shattered.

While she stood, Edgar came up to bid her good-night. His face was a contrast to hers. Its sombre expression had not changed from the moment he had watched her while she sang.

"Margery," he began, with some reluctance, "I'm going now. Good-night."

"Going, are you?" she repeated, apparently wholly unperceptive of his mood. "Wait, I will walk through the garden with you."

She caught up a white wrap and passed out of the garden door with him. The night air was balmy and soft. A fine day was passing into a night calm and summer-like. The western sky showed pale still above the rim of the garden wall, and the foliage of the big pear tree—on whose summit the thrush had sung all day untired—lay against it in

black, heavy masses ; the upper heavens were a deep black-blue, studded with a thousand gem-like stars ; and the night-dews were drawing powerful odours from the flowers in the border.

They had turned into the walk that led round to the passage door of the house before Edgar spoke.

"I believe it was a success, after all," he admitted.

"Thank you. You were so very ominous at first that it is really a comfort to know you enjoyed it."

"Oh, I didn't enjoy it."

"No ?"

"I don't care for crowds, you know."

"Nor I generally, but to-night—!"

"Well, it's over, and your birthday too."

"Not quite," she said, with half a laugh and half a sigh. "I am not yet asleep. I have, perhaps, sixty minutes yet to feel, and remember, and be happy."

"How old are you to-day, Madge ?"

"I don't think I will tell you. You might think me so very aged."

"Aged ! Then what am I ?"

"Oh, you're a perfect Methuselah, at least in mind."

"And Hunyady ?"

She had no answer ready.

A minute later Edgar said quickly—

"What's that you are doing, Margery ?"

Her hand had been slipped under her wrap, and now she dropped something into the depths of a laurel bush as they passed it by.

"Oh, it's only my violets," she answered, with a shade of embarrassment in her voice—perhaps she had not meant him to see what she did—"I can't bear to see flowers wither, and there they will find a cool, quiet grave."

"Do you care for them, then ?"

The restraint of her "yes" was caused by her desire to hide her feelings under a "no."

"Perhaps someone gave them to you ?" he went on suspiciously.

She braced herself up to be explicit.

"Yes, Herr Hunyady did. Don't you think they were a nice little gift for my birthday ?"

"That was his song too, Madge, that you sang ! Did he give you that ?"

The colour sprang into her face at the question and its tone, though it was too dark for him to see it. She uttered now another soft "yes."

There was silence, and she never guessed the feelings that almost choked him. They had nearly reached the house door when he said, in an altered and monotonous voice, "I wanted to tell you, Margery, that I shan't see you much oftener. I'm going to Berlin."

"To Berlin! Whatever for?"

"Well, it's no good hanging round here any longer, eating one's heart out. A brother of one of our clerks has settled in Berlin, and has been writing to me about it. I think I may get a place in Schuloff's band, and perhaps I can manage not to starve. At anyrate I can learn something there."

"Oh, Edgar, but I've something to tell you."

Her voice sounded eager and impulsive, as if what she remembered pleased her, and she turned back along the path they had trodden.

"Herr Hunyady is going to take you back with him."

"What *do* you mean?" he exclaimed.

"I was talking to him about you the other day, and he suggested you should go with him to Germany. If he can't find you any post that will do, he will keep you with him for twelve months or so, for he says he often needs a useful and intelligent companion in his travels."

"I am very much obliged to you," Edgar remarked, in a tone that belied his words, "for the pains you have been at on my behalf. Only don't let Hunyady make me the offer."

"Why not?"

"I might offend him by my refusal."

"Refusal?"

"What else? You couldn't suppose," he said, the restraint of his tone giving way to an outburst of bitterness, "that I should accept? You didn't think that of me?"

"I—I can't think what you mean," she declared, staggered.

"You never imagined that I would consent to toady to any man, and be his sycophant or slave, not even to Beethoven himself? And Hunyady!"

Whether or not she took in any of his meaning at last, the flame of anger at his speech mounted to her very forehead.

"Well, if you refuse this offer, Edgar, I shall say you are foolish and headstrong, as well as proud. As to the exception you make to Hunyady," she continued, in a clear, high tone, "I don't understand what you mean by it."

"No, I dare say not," he said, with something like a sneer in his voice.

"If you are too proud to be a great man's disciple, or toady to him, as you choicely put it, I am sorry for you, and I think you will never be one yourself. If you won't give your allegiance to Hunyady, you wouldn't have given it to Beethoven had he been living. It is so easy to honour the dead, so hard to do justice to the living! For my part, I only wish I were you. I wish I were a man, for then I could follow him always."

Surely if she could have seen his face, she would not have said it. She could not have remained so unsuspecting and isolated; her clear tones could not have sounded so unconscious in their thrill of proud allegiance.

"Madge!" he said, and the passionate anger in his voice woke her to a world outside herself, and made her tremble. "How dare you say it?"

"Dare! And why should I not dare?" she faltered.

"Because you are a woman; and a woman should be ashamed to say that of any man."

She gathered herself together to defend the weakness she might have betrayed.

"And if I am a woman, I may surely admire a great man when I see him, or reverence what is noble," she protested. "For my part, I would rather give too keen a sympathy, or a reverence possibly mistaken, than stand on the cold barren heights of self-regard and caution like you. I would not for all the world live in such a lonely and proud isolation, in an atmosphere of self-righteousness, that sees, and judges, and condemns. If hero worship is a crime in woman, then I am content to be a culprit."

Her speech hit him hard, with its mention of loneliness; it tempted him to sneer, that last and meanest resort of an angry mind.

"Oh, worship your heroes as much as you please," he said, with an attempt to speak as if he did not care. "Only, if he is a man who happens to be tolerably young, don't make too public a display of it. The world, as well as he, might mistake the entirely platonic nature of your devotion. Eyes and lips like yours, Margery, are too beautiful wherewith to express such dangerous subtleties. They may deceive him and others, as they deceived Mr. Askew to-night. Or is it, after all, only yourself that is deceived?"

She stood at bay for a moment, in absolute silence, in the shadow of a huge laurel bush that bordered the path. A faint sound was heard, as of some creeping night creature making its way over the garden beds.



"Ah now," she cried, in a lower tone, "you have told me exactly what you mean. It is something that I, as a woman, am ashamed to repeat, though you, a man, are not ashamed to insinuate it. Now, go, if you please. I don't think I ever want to see you again."

She stood in an attitude that was queenly in its quietness, and there seemed nothing for him to do in the face of it but to turn and leave her. What else was possible? That surging passion of love and repentance that filled his heart he could not utter, nor any of those jealous fears for her fate that had goaded him on to bitterness. He turned and went, and left her alone—or she thought she was alone.

She moved as one might do who is at painful rest, after the enemy has withdrawn and the heat of combat is over, and wounds begin to smart. She went round the thick bush towards the garden seat, and then paused, with a low cry. Close to her, with scarcely three feet of dim and scented night-air between them, was Hunyady. He too stepped back, as if startled at sight of her, and then came near again. The friendly darkness hid their looks, or she would have seen that his were in that state of illumination that a shock of feeling will sometimes bring. But they were opposite to each other, and it was necessary that something should be said. It was Hunyady who spoke first, for Margery was harbouring her powers of self-control; but it was after a moment of hesitation. His tone was gentle, even tender.

"Fräulein Marie, I have unwittingly heard what has passed between young Brandon and you."

"Yes?" she stammered. "I—I am sorry."

"Ah! I was afraid you would be, and I would have kept the knowledge of it from you, if I could. But let me speak, since you know that I have heard. What does it matter, after all? The speech of a young fool cannot alter anything between you and me."

"Edgar was mad, I think. I can't think what possessed him."

"Oh, he! I understand him a little; and since he has hurt you, it is right he should suffer. But why should you grieve? You can surely bear that I should know what you think? You would not grudge me the knowledge, could you guess what I felt when I heard your brave, true words of not fearing to show your devotion and sympathy. Take courage, now, even with me. You can trust me with it?"

"Yes," she said now, with a gesture of erectness, "there is no reason that I should not. You will not fail me in the test of gentle manliness, as Edgar has done to-night."

"Ah, Marie!" he cried, and he caught her hand, "don't you know



that a man's greatest happiness comes to him with the knowledge of a pure-souled woman's regard? If I have won yours, unworthy of it as I am, don't grudge me the bliss of knowing it. If I might but keep it—locked away in the shrine of endeavour, like some heavenly treasure that sanctifies its possessor—it would be worth the sacrifice of my baser desires, of those fiendish promptings to use it and enjoy it, and defile it, that consume me this minute. Help me, Marie, to keep it perfect.”

She looked at him frightened; her hand trembled in his, and he held it faster.

“See,” he went on, “I speak to you as I might to the good God, who gives all, but to whom one can give nothing. I have no return to make for the joy you have given me.”

“Oh, that isn't true,” she said, with a catching of her breath that was like a sob. “I never rightly knew what it was to live before I saw you. You have taught me how great and full the world of life, as well as art, may be. You are to me the king of musicians, the—the king of men.”

He neither spoke nor stirred. He could see the shining of her dark eyes across the tiny space between them, and he looked at them with a repressed eagerness that was a manner of speech. Then he felt the drawing of her hand from his, and heard her sighing voice say, “Well, good night?”

“Then go,” he exclaimed; “for if I keep you, I cannot keep your faith in me.”

He dropped his head, and kissed her hand with a passionate, caressing touch. “Marie, remember always in that lonely future that I think of you as the type of an inspiring faith, a sympathy that readily understands, and an ability that might, alas! have helped. It is something, at least, that I have known you. If you cannot be my fire on earth, you will be my star in heaven.”

She turned, then, and passed away into the darkness.

## XI.

Yet, in spite of the flood of shame and fear that had swept over Margery that night in the garden, a trembling, uncertain joy remained with her. She scarcely knew her own feelings; she only knew that a construction hurtful to her maidenly pride had been put upon them. But she could not forget all that she had enjoyed, that she had been the

proud possessor of a great man's regard, the recipient of a confidence to which her mind had made eager response. It was all gone, the joy of companionship, the happy, light-hearted ease—shattered at the cruel word of an on-looker. But yet something remained—how much she hardly knew. Whatever Hunyady had meant, when he said that he could not keep her and her faith, she was still his, held in the bonds of allegiance, which gratitude, and perhaps something more than gratitude, had wrought. Feelings do not fade as soon as flowers. The violets of her birthday were withered, but her manuscript song and its meaning would never die. As she laid it by amongst her treasures—she need not look at it, since she knew each note by heart—it pleased her to weave fancies, tender and melancholy, about it. Perhaps some day, when she and Hunyady were dead, and the hearts of another generation beat hotly, or wearied in sadness, her name would be fleetingly mentioned in connection with this song, that fresh lovers sang. Some biographer, searching out the influences that acted on the composer's life, might speculate upon her existence, and her possible character. It would be her one fleeting appearance amongst the great of the earth: a name, a shadow, a suggestion rather than a substance.

But whatever the depth and the meaning of that influence, it had been her triumph, and was so still. If she speculated upon the future of her song, she left, at least, her own future unthought of. She never looked towards it. A vague sense of doubt and expectancy lay over it like a mist. She waited, and Hunyady, too, waited, in growing discontent.

Edgar had, indeed, done an incalculable mischief by his vehemence. While wishing to protect Margery, he had himself placed her in the most dangerous of all positions. If he could have kept her sympathy, and shared her enthusiasm for the great pianist, he might have led her over treacherous ground, and saved her possibly from unhappiness. As it was, his stinging speech had served, like a lightning flash, to reveal the insecurity of her footing. Her confidence was gone, and he had left her frightened and alone, to rectify her steps as best she might. He had cut off the natural ground of association between her and Hunyady, and it was difficult not to wonder, in the shock of separation, if there were no other that would yield as close a communion. The ease of an unrestrained intercourse was gone—the old unconscious relationship of mind and mood, heightened by contrasting temperaments—but still the sense of companionship was strong within them, the drawings of a personal charm, when the "I" and "thou" became dissolved into an inevitable

"We." Could not intercourse be renewed on another basis, nearer, fuller? Might not friendship pass into something deeper, sweeter? The temptation was strong, at least to Hunyady, whose nature it was to enjoy all things that came within his grasp. It seemed to him useless to be striving for ever against a natural tendency; for what was natural must therefore be right. Margery was a sweet and beautiful girl, as well as a grateful companion. He could not altogether relinquish her for the dictates of propriety or the inner speech of conscience. If he had seemed to do it that moment in the garden, it was because she had stood by him troubled and trustful; but moments do not last, and the renunciation a sudden crisis calls forth is often wiped out by the pressure of the slow hours that follow. He knew already that this quiet English girl possessed more power of controlling passion in others than some stormier natures he had known. But was not restraint, after all, unnecessary? Did she not already love him?

The days slipped by in doubt and indecision, until the one came when Hunyady was to give his second recital in Coalburn. Margery had been little seen since the previous evening, when a packet from Edgar had been handed over to her by Ernest on his return from town. She had found that it contained a short sketch of Hunyady's life, printed in a German periodical, and had carried it up to her room to read. But late in the following afternoon the pianist saw her from a window walking down the garden, and he followed her.

He thought, as he spoke to her, that he noticed a change in her. The fitful colour that had come and gone in her cheeks, often in the last few days had vanished, and her face was pale; her eyes no longer met his with a sweet and wavering glance, but were fixed now in a fearless look. But she manifestly sought after a semblance of her old manner.

"How has the opera been getting on this week?" she asked with a would-be smile.

He answered her by an exclamation of disgust in German. "I have done nothing. I could not work."

"No? Then you have not written for Bertha her last song, when easeful death cuts the hard knots of life, and bears away a difficult renunciation as well as a fleeting joy on its quiet bosom. I should like to have sung that, just once."

He looked at her hard. "And why just that song, and now? For my part, I do not care even to think of death and renunciation. How, then, can I represent them in music? And, mein Fräulein, I do not wish to learn from you the spirit in which they may be realised."

She was silent before the force of his tones. "See" he went on, as he pointed to the garden bench, "sit here for a few short minutes, and I will tell you something it is right you should know. I will confess myself to you as I might to the Holy Marie in heaven."

She obeyed him, seating herself in the shadow, and grasping nervously the arching spray of a shrub that bent over. She turned her face away, and spoke with a resolute gentleness. "But is that wise?" she objected. "Confession is often a mistake. We tell what should not be known, because the telling of it makes life more difficult to ourselves and others. Then, perhaps, it is not necessary. I may know what you want to tell me. You are a noted character, you must remember"—there was a change in her voice that might have matched the smile on her face, could he have seen it—"and your doings are talked of and written down."

"Me! Do you then know the curse of my life? Do you know that I am married?"

"Yes, I know," she replied; and in that moment she forgave Edgar the hurt he had done her, because his newspaper packet had fore-armed her. It was evident that her preparedness was a blow to Hunyady, while he was not certain what she felt. But when she lifted her eyes to him there was a painful look in them.

"Why don't you sit down, too?" she asked impatiently.

She was more at ease then, when he was by her side, and not before her, and she was ready for speech before he was.

"I have been thinking," she said, as if she were going over a coned task, "that we were very selfish and thoughtless when you first came to us. You were lame and helpless, and far from all your friends. We never thought of those who would be anxious about you, and waiting for news. There was—your wife."

"Bah, mein Fräulein! Do not waste your pity where it is not wanted."

"Was it not wanted?"

"No. Elisabeth Hunyady heard from me as soon as I could write, and that was as soon as she wished to hear. Money is all she wants from me."

"You have never told me about her."

The words were gently uttered, and in their guarded tone no reproach was perceptible; but Hunyady answered them hastily.

"How could I?" he protested. "A man does not lightly speak of what gives him vexation and disgust. I have talked to you of all things

that I love, of what is good in life and my art. If a moment arrived when I should have told you of her existence I did not know it. As time slipped by, I found it always more difficult to show you that dark place in my life. And now I could curse destiny—curse that irony of fate that shows me what is lovely, and true, and sweet, and which not only my heart loves and longs for, but my mind desires, while I am tied to a woman who——”

“Don’t, don’t!” Margery cried in passionate remonstrance. “I can’t bear to hear it. It is not right.”

Her tone checked him. He threw himself back against the support of the seat.

“It is hard to say enough, and not too much,” he said, with some bitterness of manner. “And are you as unbending as an angel, mein Fräulein, that you will not hear me speak what you must already know? Why should I be silent?”

“Because some things can only be rightly borne in silence. Words may lead us wrong. Then think of her. She—she may love you.”

“Mein Gott! why will you say such maddening things? She love me! I have at least that to be thankful for. I owe her no gratitude on that score. You, with your gentle heart, cannot realise her, so do not try. It seems an injustice to your sex that she, too, is a woman. She must remain a mystery to you, and I will tell you only this, that she has a harsh voice, and always hated music as much as she now hates me.”

“Yet you married her,” Margery said, in a low voice.

“Gewiss! I married her sixteen years ago, and for that act of youthful folly I must pay dear all my life. I must renounce all that is true and helpful in human companionship.”

“You did renounce it,” she reminded him, “when you made that vow of marriage to her. You took her in place of all other women.”

“That is a hard doctrine, and harder when I hear it from your lips. Speak something gentler. Marie, give me your hand. Let me know that your pity, at least, is mine, if nothing sweeter or kinder.”

“No,” she cried, like a creature hurt. “I must not. You belong to her.” And she started up and went quickly into the house.

When, two hours later, Hunyady made an elaborate yet indifferent bow on the platform of the Coalburn Concert Hall, it was to an audience widely different from the one that had assembled to hear him at his first recital. This time the vast room was almost full, and his performance was awaited with eager interest.

To those who knew him, his manner seemed more abrupt and careless than was usual with him. He sat down to the grand piano as one who would rather not be there, and who grudged to perform the task that was demanded from him. Yet, when he struck the keys, the old ease and power were apparent, as they would have been, perhaps, had he been dreaming.

He had hardly finished the first number of his programme, however, before Mr. Askew said to Dr. Wallis, who sat next to him, "How does Hunyady's playing strike you to-night? It seems to me he is not up to his usual mark, and that by way of making up for it he is exaggerating his style, and giving us a little flash and braggadocio."

Dr. Wallis's answer was a discreet "H'm." He held it true as a doctrine that there was more pulled down in the structure of art by an undue and strained criticism than could ever be built up by it; and he was accordingly always quicker to praise than to blame. "I am not sure," he answered. "Human skill cannot be reckoned on like a piece of mechanism, and must vary. But if he only gives us a display of technicality, without a proof of his wonderful power of expression, it should be enough."

"Oh, he's prodigious, I know. Did you notice his octave fingering in that transcription of Schubert's song at the last recital? 'Twas marvellous. Then the spread of his five fingers in rapid arpeggio is amazing. I really believe between his little finger—which can produce the most powerful tone—and his third there is the stretch of an octave."

"Ah!" said the older man reflectively. "I wonder where this modern school of pianoforte playing will land us, with its terrific speed and its overwhelming grasp of the keyboard. That it won't take us higher is almost certain. Its compositions are of the nature of fireworks, that stagger the auditor and show off the skill of the performer; but they add nothing to the solid edifice of art, which in that province is practically as Beethoven left it. We are beginning to fall back from it even, and regard it as a finished work, and speak of it as 'classical.'"

"Ah! well, don't you see, we are going to begin afresh! The old foundations won't do; the old stock is exhausted."

"I doubt it. The pianoforte works of to-day don't strike me as a commencement, but rather as an end. They are like a noble art in hysterics."

The beginning of the next piece put an end to their discourse.

"What's this?" Dr. Wallis inquired in a whisper. "It isn't Bach *Fantaisie Chromatique*, which is down on the programme."



"No, it seems not," Mr. Askew replied guardedly, not having more than a critic's casual acquaintance with Bach's works.

"Oh, it's his C Minor Prelude and Fugue from the Forty-eight," the choirmaster presently remarked.

They listened to the prelude, with its steady rush of discords, and the dainty fugue that followed, played with a grace and simplicity that made them charming.

"Bravo!" cried Dr. Wallis, who, as an organ player, admired the strict style in pianoforte music. "He can make old Bach smile even. No forcing of the sentiment there. It was pure and true in every tone. The three parts stood out from one another as if three hands had played them. All were distinct, without overbalancing each other; and all are worth listening to. Even the lowest part, the subordinate one, has enough in it to make up one of Handel's solos for a bass voice. Have you noticed, by the way, that a passage of it is identical with one of Handel's songs, but which I cannot just recall?"

"No. I haven't," the critic answered. "And I confess to a partiality to one part at a time, and that given to the voice, in Handel's manner. Those 'divisions' that seem so antiquated now, lose something of their stiffness and mechanism when they are taken by the human voice."

"Of course they are antiquated," Dr. Wallis retorted, "because Wagner has taught us that music should be like the earth at creation, without form or void. Truly we are arriving again at chaos."

Mr. Askew laughed. It was an old contention between them. "Wagner teaches us," he asserted, "to interpret our emotions by music, and not to use it as an exercise, for those powers that rightly applied would turn to mathematics."

"Sh'! He begins again."

"And not," the critic whispered, "the Sonata Appassionata, as the programme states."

"That's strange! It's the E $\flat$  Sonata."

"He's turning the programme upside down."

"I think," Dr. Wallis remarked, who was himself one of the most exact of men, "that he must have forgotten the pieces down for to-night, and have no programme to refer to. Someone ought to see to it."

"Not half the people will know or care that he makes a change."

"But to that half it is not fair."

"Shall I go to him, and with a bow present him, in the face of an affronted public, with a programme?"



"No, but Brandon might speak to him ; he knows him intimately."

The question was mooted to the pianist's host, who sat just behind with Margery, and after some hesitation, he consented to go round to Hunyady when the piece was over, and a few minutes' interval occurred.

"Well!" inquired Dr. Wallis, on his return, anxious that his own theory should be verified.

"No, not at all," Mr. Brandon replied, "he had not forgotten what was down, but he did not feel in the mood for those particular pieces. However, he will keep to the programme now, he says."

"Ah! just one of the little vagaries of genius, Miss Brandon," the journalist remarked in a lower tone to Margery, with the brilliant smile he reserved for women. "The ways of plain men are more easy to follow."

The girl looked as if she were recalled from somewhere a long way off, but she replied at once, "I don't see that it matters what he plays, so long as his choice is good and suits him."

"That's a convenient doctrine for him. But if you allow that mood may govern action, even to the change of policy or the breaking of a contract, you grant a dangerous licence."

An uneasy flush came into Margery's cheeks. "I was thinking," she answered, in a restrained voice, "not of any principle, but the case in point ; and I certainly think that one cannot judge Herr Hunyady as another man."

"Perhaps not. He is a gifted being. And no one can appreciate his talents better than you, who know them so intimately. He leaves you soon, I believe?"

"Yes, on Friday."

"Ah, you will miss him greatly."

Margery assented in a monosyllable, and Mr. Askew was obliged to withdraw his attention from her to the music. He made one other attempt at conversation with her when the fifteen minutes' interval came on, but her far-off smiles and indifferent assents discouraged him. "She has exquisite eyes," he reflected, "and her expression backs them up. But if she has anything in her, as her looks and her singing seem to say, it's too remote for me, and would take too long to get at. There is not time in life now for those crusades after women's fancies that occupied a dozen years of life in old times. We want something readier."

And he passed on to racier fields and quicker laughter, to the chance of a flirtation that would reach its climax in half-an-hour.

Margery was left in willing solitude. Her father had gone to chat with sundry acquaintances, and Willie had followed him. She never turned her head, and did not know that not far away was Edgar Brandon, who had left his seat and was moving restlessly through the throng in a half-circle behind her. He had not seen her since the talk in the garden, and the sense of estrangement from her was too strong within him to attempt to speak. He had hurt her—wounded her deeply, he knew; and he kept his eyes upon her in a silent repentance that was relentless to himself. He recognised his mistake, and would atone for it. As he looked at her keenly, questioning the still pale face, that he only saw in part, he was wondering how she had fared since that night—if the newspaper paragraph he had sent her had affected her or not. If the conjecture that had maddened him to his unmanly taunts were true, it must have hurt her grievously. He could not ask and know; and he hoped there would be no sign that could tell him or any one else that it was so. Was she really changed since that night, little more than a month ago, when the Hungarian pianist had played first in that hall, or did he only fancy it? Then he had sat beside her, and she had confided to him all the thoughts and fancies the music had awakened within her. It had seemed like the beginning of a brighter period in his life; it had stirred him to that resolution that was now the only thing left to him—a floating spar in the wreck of his hopes. That beginning had been false—a golden dawn that was illusory; and he could have cursed now the hour that had brought Hunyady on to the platform of the Coalburn Hall.

A conversation about himself now came to his ears from hidden persons close at hand. One said that he was looking awfully down, and the other said yes, he was ruining his prospects for a whim, and would probably go to the bad. This roused him, and he moved away, and looked about him. In the crowded gallery, at which he mechanically stared, were seated the Oldbury men, with Elihu Benson at their head. They had taken in the music with the greater enjoyment that belongs to the connoisseur, and their faces expressed a calm and stolid satisfaction. It occurred to Edgar that they represented a vein of pure and solid metal in the mass of the people, which, had he been remaining in England, he would have liked to work. Then his thoughts drifted away, and in another minute or two he was seated at a convenient angle, with his eyes fixed on Margery's profile.

The concert was over; and Margery stood amongst the crowd that

paused before its exit for a last clap and call for the vanished performer. She assented indifferently to her father when he told her he should leave her with Willie, as he and Mr. Askew were going to look up Hunyady, to conduct him to a literary club of the town, where a supper was that night to be given to him. She was in that absorption of mood that is conscious of little outside its own emotion. The music had awakened in her recollections that were painful and sweet; she had listened to those powerful tone-pictures with a passionate reverberation of their mood; with a sense of joy that no law of human life could cut her off from such spiritual communion as this. And when she saw Hunyady making his way towards her through the hall, looking tired and overwrought, her heart went out to him with a strange yearning. Here was her hero, her musician, who made her proud to live in the same world with him; yet he might be but an image of clay, and she must bid him good-bye. It was with eyes that had the old glow in them, and were beaming and dewy, that she met him.

"I shall be back late," he explained, "because of the supper. And I wanted to be sure, to-night of all others, of your 'Good night.' So I have come to hear it, Fräulein Marie."

Her voice had the old fulness as she said, "That is kind of you."

He looked at her inquiringly, and then insisted on escorting her to her cab, although he was without hat or overcoat; and it was not until they had stemmed the polite crowd of starers and got outside that he spoke again.

"Did you like the music?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes; you know I did."

"I hoped so: I really played for you. Those pieces I substituted were your favourites. Did you notice it?"

"I am afraid that was not right of you."

"But what can one do, mein Fräulein, if one is haunted by a pair of eyes, cold and reproachful, but speak to them in return, and seek to propitiate them?"

"Anything would have done for that."

"Really, are they propitiated?"

"Yes. Herr Hunyady," she went on, in a voice that trembled, "I—I did not say quite what I would have liked this afternoon. I do pity you, that your life is fettered and fretted by an unworthy tie. But you are great, and can rise above the troublesome circumstances of life, and no one can help you but yourself. Do not ask again my poor foolish pity; it

hurts me that you stoop for it. I wish that your future may be happy, as—as mine shall be.”

She put her hand in his, faithfully and trustingly, and her eyes shone with a great feeling as she added “Good night, and good-bye.”

But the high, gentle strain of her words, made possible by the mood the music had wrought in her, were painful to the man, who took life more practically and more passionately. There was a touch of petulance in his voice as he answered, “Good night, yes! but, good-bye I will not say. There can be nothing between you and me in life or death but ‘Auf Wiedersehen.’”

She smiled still, though her face had begun to sadden; and he stood on the pavement, a noticeable figure in evening dress and uncovered head, until the cab drove away.

## THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF FRANZ SCHUBERT'S DEATH.

*(From the German of La Mara.)*

ON the 19th November, 1888, sixty years will have elapsed since Franz Schubert, the great master of German song, bowed his head in eternal sleep, and closed his tuneful lips. All too early, in the prime of manly vigour, long before the life's task which seemed to lie before him could be accomplished, his goal was fixed, and the sands of life ran out—all too early for himself, for whom the sun of happiness had never yet shone in unclouded splendour; and all too early for the world to which he was lost before it even knew what it possessed in him.

None of the boons which destiny throws into the lap of her favourites—neither wealth, nor fame, nor the happiness of love—fell to his share. The applause of the multitude and the favour of the great thanked him not for his wondrous gifts. Poor and of no account, he, the tuneful one, passed through life: he sang but for his own delight, and because he could not do otherwise, until death to him, the unwearied, commanded silence. In truth, the reproach which re-echoes from more than one resting-place of our great artists—that as a nation we are accustomed to pay but to the dead the long-delayed debt of gratitude and recognition which with parsimonious hand was withheld from the living—finds its full force by the grave of Franz Schubert.

At the present time, indeed, when his name lives in every heart, his songs dwell on every lip, when we cast a proud glance on the rich legacy he has left to us, as upon a long-assured and inalienable possession, we are tempted to forget that every single one of the sixty years which have sped by since the master's premature death has had its share in rousing us to the consciousness of the value of this possession, nay, in great part in bringing the treasure itself to light. Year by year there rise up to his genius new friends and reverers; year by year posthumous treasures are found and lifted from out their obscurity. Nevertheless, even to this day, the great inheritance is not wholly realised. There yet remain some of his works awaiting publication, and it is reserved for future days to make a complete survey of the total activity of this fruitful artist.

"If fertility," says Robert Schumann, "is a main characteristic of genius, then is Schubert one of the greatest." But it is not only the astounding number, but still more the importance of his productions, which have won for him that place by the side of the best and greatest of our composers, which has been willingly conceded to him when dead.

Schubert was one of the first masters of the post-classical period, one of the most distinguished representatives of the romantic tendency which, as in the domains of the sister arts poetry and painting, so in that of music, has come to life, and which, in contradistinction to the classical school, places its very essence in the predominance which it assigns to the inner meaning over the outer form, and to the spirit as above the law.

Yet Schubert, none the less, had very much in him of the severely classic. The perfect *naïveté* of his creations, the crystal purity of his images, their airy lightness and freedom from all earthly trammels, remind one of the serene repose of classical form, and do not suffer us to forget that his youth was coincident with the Golden Age of music. But, as regards his inner self, he must be reckoned a true Romanticist. His outpourings reveal a world of deep emotion, of pure and intense sentiment. The whole gamut of feeling, from the smile of joy to the outbreak of despair, he handles with a master touch. Whatsoever moves the human breast, whether with sorrow or joy, that he expresses in sound. Nevertheless, there is but little to be traced in his life of the sunbeams which shine through his song; a much more faithful companion to him was grief; and many of his most imperishable images have sprung forth from a seed watered by tears. He himself confesses in his diary, "Those of my productions which sorrow alone has begotten, seem to rejoice the world the most."

In surveying the rich abundance of his creations, we discover no form of art, from the highest down to the most trivial, the cultivation of which he made not a part of his life's task. Some of his chamber music, such as the quartets in A minor and C minor, the two trios, the highly-poetic string quintet, and his last great symphony, maintain an abiding place amongst the masterpieces of our musical literature. But his own peculiar sphere will ever remain "*Das Lied*": as a composer of songs, in the modern sense, he has won his highest renown. The essence of his being culminated in his lyrical gifts, his mission in the history of art pointed him to the development of a form which had received at the hands of the great classical masters the consecration of perfection in a lesser degree

than other species of musical art. The portents indicating a musical springtide of song had been fulfilled. The poetry of our nation, following Goethe, had produced an endless chorus of sweet lyrics, which seemed but to wait for their renaissance in music. Thanks to Beethoven, who had already entrusted to the pianoforte his immortal sonatas, the spiritual and technical nature of the accompanying instrument had been sufficiently cultivated and perfected, to support the tuneful voice of song by the full richness and vast resources of harmony. Thus Schubert needed but to seize upon an inheritance which lay ready to his hand, to lead toward a new phase of development, and to become the harbinger of that epoch preferentially *lyrical*, which still has its influence both in music and poetry in our own day.

It was neither reflection nor æsthetic speculation which led him thus to deepen the essence of song, to extend its inner and spiritual meaning, to expand it in the direction of what was in itself most characteristic and lyrically dramatic: in all this he was guided solely by his inborn artistic instinct. A marvellously superabundant and passionately-excited fancy, a peculiarly picturesque power of creation, forcibly demanded expression and surged to be let loose: they required, so to speak, the dramatic realisation of every subject: the song involuntarily expanded into a *scena*, without, however, losing its lyrical character. Endowed with inexhaustible love of and delight in song, master of a treasure of melody, which in unintermittent flow can hardly be compared to any other than that of Mozart, his lips welled forth an endless fount of song. Each couplet touched by his hand became at once a perfect tone-picture. Apparently without effort or choice, he gave shape to his images from out the superabundance of a practically unlimited capacity, which never allowed him to become cognisant of any bounds whatsoever. Thus he created unweariedly, at the voice of his inner monitor, full of that *naïveté* and perfect individuality which makes genius unconsciously light upon the right thing, and causes both happiness and grief to be converted into artistic blessing, not only for itself but also for posterity.

No marvel therefore, since the *genre* which he cultivated by preference is a specifically German one, that his songs have made him the especial favourite of his nation; that, through them, he has become entwined round the very heart of the people. No composer has ever become more of the people's own than he. Where shall we find a song to be compared in popularity with the "*Erlkönig*," or the "*Wanderer*," the "*Ständchen*," or the "*Müllerliedern*"? If, in the regions of instrumental music, he



must yield the palm to another, a greater—even no less a one than Beethoven—yet in the domains of song he has reached the very summit of artistic perfection. Only near and beside him, not beyond him, are to be named the great song-writers who followed him, Robert Schumann and Robert Franz. They stand nigh one another as companions on a like level; but the richest and most original musical mind amongst them was after all the first-born. The influences of their age, the modern many-sided culture, philosophic training, and poetising tendencies, threw the two younger men in new paths, and led them in contrast to him, who held the purely musical as the all-essential, to grasp song more from the poetic side, to place the poet's intention more in the foreground. In opposition to their reflective manner, his simple ingenuousness becomes all the more apparent, and stands out in strong relief. But with him it seems as though all spontaneity in the art of composition were lost. Without design, self-sustained, noiseless, and calm as nature herself, his genius was wont to weave: and calm and noiseless, self-sustained as his work itself, does his outward personal life appear to the beholder.

The child of humble parents, Schubert first saw the light on the 31st January, 1797. His father, the son of a peasant of Austrian Silesia, was the master of an elementary school in Lichtenthal, one of the suburbs of Vienna; his mother, whose maiden name was Fitz, had formerly been a cook. Of fourteen children (to which number five more were added when the father married a second time) Franz was the fourth son. He grew up with want and care as his companions, and only the birthday-gift which the Muses had laid in his cradle shed a halo, from very early times, over his existence. His father and his elder brother Ignatz made him familiar with the harpsichord and violin; then the choirmaster, Michael Holzer, took him beneath his wing for singing and thorough-bass, as well as for piano and organ. With emotion his teacher was wont to affirm that he had never had a pupil like Franz, who seemed "to have harmony at his finger ends:" and right merrily the boy began to compose. At eleven years old he was an excellent soprano-singer and fiddler in the choir of the Lichtenthal Parish Church. Soon afterwards (in October, 1808) he entered the Imperial Court Chapel as a chorister, and at the same time as pupil in the Viennese Municipal Institute. In the entrance examination he had roused the interest of the two Court Kapellmeisters, Salieri and Eybler, to such an extent that he was admitted on the spot. Though he gave but little attention to the ordinary routine of instruction so that (to qualify for a remove) he was

even obliged to pass extra examinations, yet the musical life at the Institute continued to be highly advantageous to his development. By means of the daily performances which took place—in which, first as violin-player, afterwards as conductor, he took part—he became acquainted with the works of the classical masters, and learned to mould his musical individuality on the great models; for it was Beethoven's works, beyond all others, which filled him with enthusiasm. On the other hand, there was afforded to him at the same time the welcome opportunity of bringing to a hearing his own compositions.

As a lad of thirteen he had already essayed all species of his favourite art; and he never returned to his father's house, where he was in the habit of spending his holidays, without having ready a contribution to the quartet-practices which he regularly carried on with his father and brothers. Since the kindness of a friend provided the utterly penniless lad with the absolutely indispensable music-paper, he gave himself up without a care to his youthful creative impulse. A fortunate circumstance once caused one of his songs, "Hagar's Lament," to fall into the hands of Salieri, who was, in consequence, induced to appoint for him a special teacher of thorough-bass in the music-director Ruczizka. But the new master soon found himself bound to declare that his pupil knew everything already—"Heaven has taught it to him," said he. So Salieri henceforth himself undertook, in his own highly-exalted person, the cultivation of such exceptional talent as the lad possessed. The lessons with him were continued for years, even after Schubert, in the autumn of 1813, had left the Viennese Institute at the request of his father, to aid him as assistant-master in his school.

He never ceased to compose, even under the iron pressure of a calling which he had taken up only after the hardest of struggles, in obedience to the wishes of his father, and the necessity of earning the means of existence. Into that very period of bitterest torment and most self-sacrificing denial, falls, strangely enough, the richest harvest, as to quantity, of his artistic life. No later years have surpassed the productiveness of the year 1815. It shows, for instance, more than a hundred songs, amongst them the "*Erkönig*," the Songs of Ossian, and the Mignon Lieder, two Symphonies, two Masses, various large and small sacred compositions, pianoforte and chamber music, and no less than seven operas and operettas. The dramatic firstling of the young master—"Des Teufels Lustschloss"—dates yet another year back. Some other operas, amongst them the bulkiest being "*Alfonso und Estrella*"

and "*Fierrabras*," were written some years later. But, with the exception of the last-named work, which Liszt for a short time called to life on the Weimar stage, the little operetta "*Der häusliche Krieg*" (which, after Schubert's death, was put on the stage here and there without meeting with any particular success), and three more modest works, whose representation he himself lived to see, they all remained doomed to everlasting silence. The musical language of the great lyricist was not suited to stage requirements—this they sufficiently prove—howsoever dramatic it may appear when set in the narrower frame of song. But who can say whether, had not the stage obstinately refused admittance to his works, he might not have learnt, in contact with it, to have adapted himself successfully to its requirements?

For four years Schubert bore self-denyingly the heavy yoke of school-mastering: then, at length, there came to him release. A hospitable friend, Franz von Schober, offered him a home with him, and it was here that henceforward, with but slight interruption, he found an abiding resting-place. In the cheerful circle of Schober's companions—amongst them the poets Mayrhofer, Bauernfeld, Feuchtersleben; the painters Schwind, Kupelwieser, Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld; the musicians Franz Lachner and Hüttenbrenner—he passed each evening his merriest hours. Deeply melancholy as he might be at times, here he gave himself up to his natural innocent gaiety. But the most powerful influence on his artistic development came from the close intercourse with Vogl, the first baritone of the Court Opera, with whom about this time he became acquainted. The treasures of melody which lay buried in the quiet study of the young composer were borne off and introduced to Salon and Concert-room by the celebrated singer, who did more toward making for them a way in the world, and their author known to fame, than did the composer himself—ever careless of his own renown.

Esteemed by Franz Schubert himself as the first and most distinguished interpreter of his songs, far superior to him in knowledge and general scientific culture, Vogl (the elder almost by thirty years) seems to have possessed extraordinary influence, and in many respects to have acted as teacher and adviser to his gifted friend, whose simple education had not led him mentally to pass beyond the very medium acquirements of his time. One singing, the other accompanying, the two were everywhere welcome guests, and in the summer time they converted them selves into travelling singers, crossing Upper Austria and the *Salzkammergut*, and finding everywhere doors and hearts open to receive them.

Except for these repeated artistic tours with Vogl, and some few excursions to or with friends, Schubert, during his whole life, never went beyond the precincts of Vienna. Only in Zelecz, the Hungarian summer-residence of the family of Count Esterhazy, did he allow himself more than once to be fettered during a period of some months. However ready his shy nature, ever awkward in all the forms and usages of society, might be to shun the houses of the great, however pertinaciously he, who detested all constraint, refused every request to give lessons, yet in this case he determined on making an exception to his rule. He sold his golden liberty for the sake of the love which he had conceived for Caroline, the youngest daughter of the Count; a love which accompanied him to the last hour of his life as his one unchangeable passion. The happiness of requited love was indeed denied to him; and she who had kindled the flame in the excitable soul of the artist was scarcely conscious of its full force. At any rate, no knowledge of his passion disturbed the peaceful equanimity of the friendly and artistic reverence which she accorded him; and who can say whether she realised the full significance of those words that once escaped him, when she playfully reproached him for not dedicating a single one of his works to her. "Where would be the use? Is not everything already yours?" Amongst other things, one of his most beautiful *Clavierstücke*—the Duet Fantasia in F minor (Op. 103)—was written for her. But with many other of his compositions—as, for instance, the charming *Divertissement à la hongroise*—is bound up the remembrance of her, and of that musically-gifted house where he spent the sunniest hours of his life.

For the rest, his life was passed in quiet retirement and restless labour. And yet with him it was no case of what we generally call work, of painful construction. All complete, like a very miracle, his artistic creations passed from out his soul. Where have the facility and fecundity of his productions their like in the history of music? We are told concerning the "*Schöne Müllerin*" how Schubert found at the house of a friend Wilhelm Müller's poems, and eagerly took them home with him, to lay before his astonished friend the very next morning the first five "Müllerlieder." The remaining songs of the cycle, ever fresh and redolent of spring, were finished whilst he was lying ill in hospital. The "*Erkönig*" was written by the youth of eighteen at one sitting, after reading through the poem a few times. The "*Zwerg*" took shape during a conversation with a friend. The "*Ständchen*" (Hark, hark, the lark!) was committed to paper amidst the noise of an inn. Lengthy church

compositions, symphonic movements, or operatic acts were the result of but a few days' work.

But he was not to reap the fruits of his labour. His applications for a public appointment in Laibach and Vienna were unsuccessful. Only late and sparsely during his lifetime did some solitary example of his works gain a hearing. He had to wait until the year 1819 before even one of his compositions (the song called "*Schäfers Klage*") was heard for the first time in a concert-room. Once, alone, during the whole course of his life, did he, at the persuasion of his friends, come before the public as a concert-giver; and introduced some of his compositions to the Viennese public. The splendid result called for a repetition, but it only came after he was gone. It afforded the means of raising a tombstone to his memory.

The publishers, too, only for the first time showed themselves willing to include his songs in their catalogue after the author had himself published by subscription twelve books of songs (with the "*Erkönig*" as Op. 1). And then they only paid very badly the artist, who, being utterly devoid of any practical business capability, was quite unable to look after his material interests. At his death only about a hundred songs and some chamber compositions had seen the light of day. As for his seven symphonies, his quintets and quartets, his masses, the oratorio "Lazarus," his operas and choral works, his countless sonatas for two and four hands, his fantasias, marches, &c.—nobody knew them. And, even to this day, Schubert, the composer of instrumental and, above all, of pianoforte music, is, if not forgotten, yet neglected in presence of the song-composer, and in nowise can be said to be honoured according to his merit. Here, also, he went his own way. Although, like all the rest of the Epigones, drawing inspiration from Beethoven, nevertheless he stands out a distinct individuality; and his relation to the great master is the same as the relation between the two *genres* of which they are the respective representatives—the romantic and the classical.

It seems surprising beyond measure—and yet the fact remains—that none of Schubert's fellow-artists ever had anything like an intimate relationship with him. Karl Maria Von Weber, when the score of "*Alfonso und Estrella*" was laid before him, had nothing else to say than, "I tell you, first operas, like first puppies, should be drowned." Even Beethoven, who for thirty years breathed the self-same atmosphere, and to whom, from his earliest youth onward, he had looked up as his highest ideal, passed him by unsympathetically. A shy mark of homage on the

part of the young composer—the dedication of the Duet Variations (Op. 10)—remained absolutely unacknowledged, as had before happened with a set of Goethe's songs sent to the prince of poets in Weimar. For the first time on his deathbed did Beethoven become acquainted with a number of Schubert's songs, and he manifested a particular interest in them. "Verily, in Schubert there dwells a divine spark!" he cried out repeatedly with enthusiasm, and he prophesied "that he would yet make no small stir in the world." The seven *Reilstab* songs, which now form the "Swan-song" of Schubert, were handed over to their author by Beethoven, who, feeling himself too ill to complete the work, on his deathbed sent them with marginal notes in pencil from his own hand to Schubert. Shortly before Beethoven's death, Schubert visited the dying master, who was no longer able to speak. When, a few days later, he returned with his friends from the funeral, he filled their glasses, and consecrated the first to the memory of him who had gone home, the second to him who should next follow. Thus he drank to his own memory. Before a second year was completed he himself was laid side by side with the great master.

The short artistic life of Franz Schubert is remarkable for a productiveness which becomes more and more pure and elevated. Masterpieces of the most wonderful kind are brought to perfection in the last few years of his life. Thus the year 1826 produced the "Rondo Brillant" for pianoforte and violin, Op. 70, the string quartet in C minor and G major, the B major trio, and the first part of the "*Winterreise*;" the year 1827 the second part of the last named, the E flat major trio, and the "*Deutsche Messe*;" and, finally, the year 1828 the great Symphony in C, the string quartet in C, the mass in E flat, the three last pianoforte Sonatas, and the so-called "*Swan Song*" as the last legacy of the artist, with which his mission here below was accomplished.

The "*Winterreise*," a cycle of songs similar to the earlier "*Schöne Müllerin*," is distinguished from the purely lyrical and "*Volkslied*" character of the first written work by an infinitely greater variety of style and expression, an intensified passion and higher dramatic power, and, accordingly, a corresponding heightening of the tone-painting element. Every one of the twenty-four songs is steeped in deepest melancholy: the last gleam of sunshine has died away, the after-glow has faded, and the sweet and tender melancholy of the "*Müllerlieder*" has become disconsolateness, hopeless resignation, and despair. But we get serenely glimpses in the so-called "*Swan song*"—his last series of



songs—the final arrangement of which is not by the composer's own hand, but by that of his publisher. Those held in greatest estimation are especially the Heine songs, "*Der Atlas*," "*Die Stadt*," "*Am Meer*," "*Der Doppelgänger*," where Schubert essays the more declamatory style which Schumann brought to still greater perfection. With the final song, the "*Taubenpost*," he bade to Song an eternal farewell.

When in November, 1828, he corrected the last proof-sheets of his "*Winterreise*," the winter was for him, indeed, already all too nigh, and the summer of his life had passed away. Worn out, the minstrel, who had sung his melancholy songs, but, perhaps, in anticipation of his own near departure, lay upon his sick bed, from which he was never more to rise. All the means which he had hitherto employed against his old maladies, headache and giddiness—the taking exercise in the open air and the finding distraction in his work—proved now utterly unavailing. Typhoid fever set in. He still talked of plots for Operas, and in his fevered dreams called for Beethoven: the music in his soul was not yet hushed to silence. But soon afterwards, on the 19th November, all was still within and about him—he was listening to the music of the spheres.

Two days later, on the 21st November, they laid him to rest in his early grave in the *Währinger* churchyard, close beside the revered master Beethoven, as had been his wish. The monument which marks the spot is crowned with his bust, so to transmit (like the monument erected in the *Stadtpark* of Vienna in 1872) his likeness to posterity. This likeness is not beautiful, for Fate had denied to him beauty of form and feature. Beneath the bust we read, besides the date of his birth and of his death, these words of Grillparzer, "Death buried here a rich possession, but still fairer hopes." Thus might run the lament of his contemporaries; to whom the life-work of this marvellous spirit was still a veiled secret. But we, who have seen the lapse of six decades since the master's death, must speak no longer of unfulfilled hopes, but rather rejoice with ever-renewed gratitude in the melodious treasures which he has scattered about us in such lavish profusion. Franz Schubert, whose genius so early grew ripe, accomplished, richly accomplished, his mission. That we know now. And the saying which he once uttered has come to pass, "When the word Art shall be uttered they will speak of me."

MARIAN MILLAR.



## RAMBLINGS AROUND MUSICAL TERMS.

THE numerous terms which are employed in connection with music are a strange assortment, and, especially in our earlier acquaintance with them, may strike us as being very distant and cold. They are, for the most part, strangers of a foreign country, and seem to have, at first sight, no sort of assimilation to our regular English friends. So they have to communicate with us by proxy until we have had enough to do with them to see what they mean without such intervention. Whatever our first feelings may be towards them, whether of a certain curiosity mingled with a sense of extending experience, or of admiration and respect for travellers from a foreign country, or even of repugnance for such as come to us in a strange garb, we must in time take them in and house them till long familiarity makes us friends, even if we were not disposed to take kindly to them at first. We may the more readily come to an understanding with them if we can find that we have something in common with them; some friend well known to both, some ancient stock from which both are descended. Then will these strangers become less arbitrary and appear more like fellow-comrades than the monstrosities we may have thought them. This kinship and relation between words and ideas of different languages, which it is proposed to speak of, can have little or no practical importance for the musician, inasmuch as by experience he gains, quite definitely enough, a knowledge of what is signified by the sign. But, at the same time, in noting what similarity there is in our ordinary English words to those technical terms which are every day before the musician, and also what dissimilarity there may be in the ways of looking at the same thing, as exemplified in the differing terms which are employed to denote them, there may be a good deal of interest.

Most of the terms which an Englishman meets with in his practical music come from Italy. And here at the outset we find a difference in temperament between the English and Germans; for the English have

accepted these Italian terms, whereas the Germans have set up a nomenclature of their own. This difference, as to the acceptance of foreign words, does not apply to musical terms alone, but the German language has generally kept more to its own words. To a much greater extent than the English language it has expressed some new idea by using its own material, giving rise to those long compound words. On the other hand, English is a mixed language, and has not scrupled to accept ready-made words from its neighbours rather than make use of its own. Further than this, it has adopted apparently unnecessarily foreign words; so that we have many instances of real English words and words from the French running alongside, as *e.g.*, "to begin," and "to commence," "to help," and "to assist." It has thereby gained in vocabulary and choice of expression, and lost in distinctive character. Thus, while in English we have the word "dictionary" the Germans have the equivalent "*Wörterbuch*;" a compound which we could easily have made, viz., "word-book." So, too, "*Vorwort*," (English "preface,") where we might have said "fore-word." German chemical terms, too, are to a large extent taken from their own language, as *e.g.*, "*Sauerstoff*," "oxygen."

It is not surprising, then, that to a large extent the Germans have in music made use of their own language rather than borrow from the Italian. A few instances of German words with their Italian equivalents may be interesting, as showing that in some cases strictly *analogous* terms may be found in the two languages.

"*Con Espressione*" becomes in German "*Mit Ausdruck*." The "*ex*" corresponds to "*aus*," both meaning "out," and the second part of each word meaning "to press." The "*Druck*" one may see as a noun, meaning a printing *press*, on the German editions as *Druck von Breitkopf und Härtel in Leipzig*." So also "to impress" or "to imprint" is "*eindrucken*."

It would have been no loss to our language if some great word as "fore-play" like the German "*Vorspiel*" had been coined instead of accepting the word "prelude." (Latin *præ*, before; *ludere*, to play.)

If we take a stave of five lines and write some notes on it, they will mean absolutely nothing until some sign has been affixed determining some one line; for this sign there is in English the word *clef* (from Latin *Clavis* a key); this sign is the key or clue as to the pitch of whatever notes may be written on the stave. The corresponding term in German is *Schlüssel*, meaning also a key, but coming from the verb *schliessen* "to shut," "to lock up," a key being something which locks.

But the same instrument which locks also unlocks, and so the idea in *Schlüssel* as being the clue is directly opposed to that of the original word from which it came.

In German there are two words *Musiker* and *Musikant*, but with a good deal of difference in meaning, the former is used in a good sense, whereas the latter is contemptuous; just as there is a difference in English between "fiddler" and "violinist." These two words are probably of exactly the same origin, yet the associations of the former with King Cole and such an expression as "drunk as a fiddler," incline one to use the word violinist in any but a contemptuous sense. It was unfortunate, then, when an Englishman was once making a complimentary speech about a distinguished German musician who was then present, that he spoke of him as "ein sehr guter Musikant." The German word *Ton* is used in combination with other words, giving rise to a large number of musical terms, as e.g., *Ton-fall*, cadence (a falling). This is somewhat analogous to the expression the "fall" of the year. *Ton-meister*, musician. *Ton-leiter*, tone-ladder, scale. In the French term for a scale, *gamme*, unlike the German and English, there is no idea of a ladder involved. *Gamme* is from the third letter of the Greek alphabet, *gamma*, which was used by Guido d'Arezzo to end the musical scale, and so what is only one part has come to stand for the whole.

It will be interesting to compare the varying time-names of notes employed in English, French, German.

English.	French.	German.
Semibreve.	Ronde.	Ganze Note.
Minim.	Blanche.	Halbnote.
Crotchet.	Noire.	Viertelnote.
Quaver.	Croche.	Achtelnote.
Semiquaver.	Double Croche.	Sechzehnteilnote.

Here we notice a definite system in the German nomenclature. All the terms express relation to one starting point, viz., the semibreve or "whole-note"; so that the name itself contains the information as to the number of any particular kind of notes which are equivalent to a semibreve. In other words, the time table which beginners have to learn is stripped of a good deal of difficulty. On the other hand, there is no reason why the semibreve should be called the whole-note any more than some of the others. For the same music might be written with exactly the same effect by adopting a different sign for the whole-note. The standards are then not absolute, but merely relative.

The French terms are based on a different system, merely describing the appearance of the signs as round, white, black, hooked and twice hooked. They express no time relation, leaving that to be learnt apart from the name itself.

Our English names cannot be said to have much system. A semi-breve is, of course, half a breve or short note. What was once looked upon as a short note is now almost entirely neglected in favour of further subdivisions. Incongruous as it is, the name remains, just as an inn, which has at first rightly been called "The New Inn," retains its name for generations, until the appearance of the house by no means warrants the appellation, and as we speak of the old castle of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A minim was at one time the shortest or least note, just as a "minim" is the apothecary's smallest measure. While it strikes us as being out of place to call our longest note the "half of a short," how much more inconsistent is the Italian term for a crotchet, "*semi-minima*"—"half the least!"

Crotchet comes from the French *crochet* (a diminutive of *croc*) "a little hook." The word is also used of a particular kind of ornament in architecture, and also "*crochet*" is a term applied to work done by a hook. The word "hook," the primary meaning involved, enables us to see the connection between the meanings of the word "*crotchet*," which have diverged to such an extent.

To quaver is to shake, to throb; a quaver is a vibration; and so a note in music. The French terminology is perhaps the best of the three, as it does fairly accurately describe the appearance of the various notes, which, so long as they are retained at all, will probably remain the same. And, moreover, by not attempting in any way to express the value, it would still remain consistent were the semibreve to be wholly discarded, for a minim would still be a "white" note.

The German notation is systematic in so far as it adopts the same principle throughout; but fails in its implication of a fixed unit.

But the terms used in England are a confused mixture; and, though interesting taken as words, are meaningless for every child when first presented to him; and when the meaning is determined they are found to be quite inconsistent. Seeing that these names are unfamiliar technical words in English, it is especially necessary for the teacher to first of all develop some feeling of time, then show how the relative values may be represented by signs, and last of all give the names of these signs. It may be said, generally, that technical names should not be introduced until the things, processes, or principles, for which they are but convenient expressions, are in their essential points fully understood.

So in the same way, though it is necessary at some point to introduce names or letters for the notes of the scale, the earliest attempts at reading should be made from a perception of the distance between the notes on the stave.

The Italian words which we find at the beginning of movements, and which now carry with them a rough indication of the absolute time at which a piece must be taken, give for the most part no explicit information as to the speed. That a time meaning is now attached to them is an inference from their primary signification.

Thus, for instance, *Largo* properly means "roomy," with which only a very moderate pace would be consistent.

*Andante*, "going," is the present participle of the verb *andare*, "to go." For the ending we might compare many English words—*e.g.*, "absent" (from present participle of *abesse*—*absens*; *absentis*), "repugnant," "omniscient," &c.

*Adagio* is a word which at first sight appears to have no connection with any English word, but on examination we should find that the English word "agile" is the same as the second part of the word, which is *ad-agio*, "at ease;" Latin, *agilis*, "nimble;" literally, "movable," "easily driven about."

The word *allegro* is familiar to us through Milton's poem "L'Allegro," both in its form and meaning. The word means "lively," "brisk," "merry," from the Latin *alacrum*, acc. of *alacer*, from whence we get our word "alacrity."

*Presto*, from the Latin *praestus praesto*, meaning "at hand," "ready," "present." The idea of readiness is accompanied by that of quickness, just as *e.g.* in English, a "ready-reckoner" is a means of arriving at a desired result quickly. So also we say "ready-witted," implying quickness.

The French word *prêt*, "ready," is from the same source, the accent accounting for the omission of "s."

Again, we have the same word in an English compound—"prestidigitator," a conjuror, a man with quick fingers.

*Lentus* (It. *Lento*) is a word which has several shades of meaning. Primarily it is "pliant," "flexible," then "tenacious," after which it comes to mean "slow." Later it comes to mean "at ease," "lazy," as in Virgil's "Eclogue."

"Tu Tityre lentus in umbra  
Formosam resonare dapes Amaryllida silvas."\*

---

\* "You, Tityrus, at ease within the shade, teach the woods to echo back the name of your fair Amaryllis."

The full meaning contained in the word *Lento* could not be conveyed in one English word.

The endings *etto* and *ino* which we find in the words *Allegretto*, *Larghetto*, *Andantino*, are diminutive suffixes just as we have in English "let," in "brooklet," "rivulet," "leaflet," or the German *chen* as in *Stück*, "piece;" *Stückchen*, "little piece." Most of the words used to indicate temporary variations of speed, or degree of loudness are so nearly like English words as to readily suggest them, as *e.g.*, *crescendo*, "increasing," "crescent;" *diminuendo*, "diminishing;" *accelerando*, "accelerating." In *rallentando*, "slowing," we meet again with *lento*. Like in form to *rallentando* is the English "relent," where, clearly, the idea is of "pliancy," and not of "slowness."

The terms used to mark roughly the rate of performance are rendered useless for that particular purpose by affixing the metronome mark which describes accurately the length of each beat. This removes one objection to the use of English terms for English music; for so long as these terms—*Andante*, *Allegro*, &c.—were still useful in describing the rate, had in fact acquired by association a time significance, we could less easily afford to do without them. But since the time can in another way be definitely marked, there is no reason why an English writer should not use his own words to indicate the particular character of the piece. Some writers, indeed, have already begun to adopt English words in preference to the familiar Italian. Whether Italian or our own language should be used by the English writer to explain the kind of reading he requires for his composition, is not so much of practical importance as a matter of feeling; for in any case the English student is, from his reading of the musical classics, bound to gain an acquaintance with the Italian and even the German terms. But in precisely the same way as the Germans have disdained to borrow all their terms from Italy, so may English writers find quite a sufficient vocabulary to draw from in their own language, if such words appeal to them and to their readers more than the Italian; and if they feel that to borrow terms from others in this case is an unnecessary confession of weakness where no weakness really exists, then it would be foolish not to adopt an English terminology.

It may be interesting to take a few more instances of such musical terms as have something in common with ordinary English words.

*Da Capo* (Lat. *Caput*, a head, from which source come the English words "capital," "capitol," "captain.") The expression of beginning by the word "head" need not strike us as unfamiliar, for in our own language



we have the same idea when we speak of the "head of a family," "the fountain," or "river head."

For the "c" in Latin, represented by "h" in English, *caput* (head), compare also *cor* (heart), *canis* (hound).

The French word *main*, which we meet in the expressions "*à deux mains*," or "*main gauche*," is from the Latin *manus*, which we find in the English word "manual," and in combinations as "manufactory," "manuscript," &c. It is interesting to note in the three uses of the word "manual" the connection in each case with the idea of hand. In the first place the adjective manual means done by hand, as in "manual labour." Then a "manual" is a *handbook*, a book which can be held in the hand. German *Handbuch*. The Greek, too, has an analagous term, "*enchiridion*," "in the hand," which has become familiar to us through the publication of "A Book-lover's Enchiridion." Again, the manual of an organ is the keyboard over which the hand moves.

The Italian *senza* is the same as the French *sans*, without; used by Shakspeare in the famous speech in "As You Like It":—

"Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion:  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

*Virtuoso* is a word the full force of which it is difficult to see. The Italian *virtu* means a love of the fine arts, and also objects of art, as when we speak of "articles of *virtu*." A *virtuoso* is, then, one who devotes himself to the fine arts—more especially music. *Virtu* is from the Latin *virtus*, meaning primarily manliness (*vir*, a man), power, strength, and, in particular, courage, bravery. *Virtuoso* (virtuous) may then be regarded as a word which has degenerated in meaning from its application to what was looked upon as the highest quality in man to the comparative effeminacy of art, or at least to what the Romans considered effeminate. If, then, the word be viewed from the point of view of the artist—as it conveys the meaning of excellence in art—it may be used in the highest sense. If, on the other hand, it be considered to represent the whole character of a man, it would indicate a warping of higher qualities for the sake of what is inferior. It is sometimes used in the sense of *dilettante*, a word which originally means "one who delights in the fine arts," from the Latin *delectare*, "to delight." In a similar way *amateur* (*amare*, to love) has suffered a degeneration, for it is frequently used in a disparaging sense. The expression "a mere musician" shows that this word, too, is not free from a shade of contempt.



*Pianoforte* is of course a combination of the two Italian words *piano* (soft) and *forte* (loud). These come respectively from the Latin *planus*, even, smooth, and hence soft), and *fortis* (strong); whence we get in English the words "plain," and "force."

"*Stringere*," to draw tight, is a word which has supplied us with the musical terms "strain" and "*stretto*."

The idea in "strain" is taken from the tuning of a string, and has come to mean the sounds, the melody, as in a similar way "tune," as coming from the Greek *teino*, "to stretch." The term *stretto*, meaning a tightening or drawing together, is very appropriate for the quick following of one part after the other in the development of a fugue. But with drawing together is associated the idea of "narrowing," and so we get the same word in "Straits of Dover," "Enter ye in at the strait gate." The German term, *enge*, which is applied to the *stretto* of a fugue, means "narrow." *Stringendo* is a tightening or drawing together in the sense of accelerating the rate.

There is often in every art a difficulty in finding terms by which to describe certain aspects and phrases; for art has to do with what cannot be weighed or measured—with what it is not possible to test by a purely objective standard. So we need not be surprised to find art-terms metaphorical, describing one kind of phenomenon according to the method of some other which is quite distinct from it. What is of special interest in this respect is the interchange of terms which has taken place between the different arts. Thus, for example, we speak of the "harmony" of colours, or the "tone" of a painting, and, still more curiously, we say that a particular colour is "loud." In these transferences of terms it is plain that the original employment is much more determined and definite than the secondary application. We should find it much easier to explain what we mean by a loud sound or harmony in music than we should to define a loud colour or the harmony of a picture.

Music, too, has borrowed terms from painting and poetry, as when we talk of orchestral "colouring," of "light and shade," "tone poem," and "symphonic poem." The Germans have the word "*Klangfarbe*" (Clang-tint) meaning what in English we express by the words quality, or character. In most of these terms there is a certain picturesque effect, which is so striking and agreeable as to lead us to think they have more meaning than they really possess. As with all metaphorical words it is only safe to use them so long as it is understood that they are merely convenient abbreviations for what would otherwise have to be expressed by a cumbersome circumlocution.

In Lander's "Pericles and Aspasia" occur a few lines of curious metaphor applied to music—

"With what ecstasy do I throb and quiver under those refreshing showers of sound ;  
Come sprinkle me soft musick o'er the breast,  
Bring me the varied colours into light,  
That now obscurely on its tablet rest,  
Shew me its flowers and figures fresh and bright,"

LIONEL BOOTH.

## OUR QUARTERLY REGISTER.

THE early spring of the year is the period of least stir in musical matters. The provincial season is nearly, if not quite, over; and the London campaign has not commenced. Only faintest rumours are heard of the character of the new works promised for the autumnal festivals: and this year more disappointment than usual attends the expectations of those who look for any great novelties at those gatherings, to which, it appears, all large works are in future to be relegated for a first hearing. The committee of the Birmingham festival has been unfortunate in its appeals to the select circle of aspirants in which its friends revolve: and the interest of the Bristol celebration will culminate in the performance of a work that is not exactly new, but is steadily forcing its way into popularity. It may be that agreeable and startling surprises are in store for the autumn pilgrims: but their present feeling is one of hope rather than of faith.

On the literary side of music we have the production of another volume of \*letters: but the early communications of Schumann to his mother and to the friends of his younger days are not in any way remarkable. It may be doubted whether we have not had rather too much of this unfolding of the domestic life and the youthful aspirations of budding genius. The charm of Mendelssohn's letters was great; and has led to the publication of much epistolary matter that might, without loss, have been kept from the public. It is always dangerous to give to many readers the hasty scribbings intended for one intimate friend, or, at most, for a very small circle of sympathisers. Few home letters will, as regards either their topics or their style, bear such publicity; and it would have been better for the posthumous reputation of many musicians if the majority of their letters had been kept secret.

But in Robert Schumann's early letters there is nothing more disagreeable than the egotism which is not only natural in relating the daily details of his life, but must have formed their chief charm to their

---

\* "Early Letters of Robert Schumann." George Bell and Sons.

recipients. The little trivialities, that interest not the world, bring most vividly before our absent friends the circumstances which they desire to realise and in no degree despise. But it is the sternest criticism, as well as the simplest truth, to say that there is not in the three hundred pages of this volume a single letter that one feels it needful to transcribe, nor a phrase that seems to demand preservation. It is, however, well that we find none of those epigrammatic sharpnesses which, often to our disgust, linger in the memory, as the unkindly opinion which one genius forms—or, very frequently, merely affects to form—of another. We find in Schumann none of the jealousy and spleen which led one great musician to say of another (far greater than himself), that he “had nothing to say, but he said in a gentlemanly manner.”

HAROLD ROGERS.

NOW READY.

---

# FINGERS AND WRISTS.

EXERCISES, SCALES, AND ARPEGGIOS  
FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

*A New and Enlarged Edition of "First Lessons."*

BY

Dr. Henry Hiles.

---

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.

---

Messrs. NOVELLO, EWER & CO., LONDON AND NEW YORK.

.....

**E**VERY teacher of the pianoforte knows the difficulty which children have in remembering the names of the notes on the treble and bass staves, and their places on the keyboard.

Why the lowest line of one staff should be called E, and the corresponding line of the other staff named G, what particular E or G is thus written, and why any E or G should be so prominently placed, whereas the exercises first played do not seem to assign to those sounds any special importance, are matters causing great doubt and frequent mistake.

But not only is the placing of the printed characters on the staves taught in a confused manner: the same want of system frequently attends the teaching of the various lengths of notes. Before any exercises in simple pulsation are practised—while the finding of a required note is still an anxious matter, and the action of the fingers very

E

irregular—probably the poor little victim is still further troubled with complicated divisions of time; being expected to play in correct proportion notes of several different lengths.

The exercises in this work are based upon the principle of learning only one thing at a time; and learning that one thing well. They attest the importance of the sound that lies in the centre of our system of notation. The pupil is shown that the open space between the two staves is the home of that "Middle C" which must (whatever mode of teaching may be adopted) be pointed out at the very first lesson; and must remain the best known landmark on the keyboard. Round that central note—as the musical point from which all other sounds radiate—the early exercises hover until the whole contents of the two staves are known. The chromatic notes, with their enharmonic variations of name and look, are introduced in such a manner as to rob them of all mystery. And, while practising the exercises, the student must be gradually strengthening that perception of the beauty of regular, periodic accentuation of which almost every human being has some idea, and which children are quick to realize and to delight in.

As regards both the acquirement of rudimentary knowledge and the development of digital dexterity the adoption of such a plan must effect a vast saving of labour. The objection which many people entertain to the study of the piano—that it absorbs so much time—is one that may be met only by a careful consideration of the aim of every lesson, and by a rigid adaptation of the means pursued to the end sought. It is folly to suppose that, in order to overcome some little special obstinacy of the muscles of the hand, it is necessary to wade through page after page of a spun-out "study." When a teacher knows his business he may prescribe a short phrase of two or three bars (so quickly read as, at once, to become useful), which, diligently and perseveringly played, must bring to the refractory fingers the desired nimbleness and freedom.

These exercises, scales, and arpeggios constitute a more than sufficient preparation for the attack of such works as are, in the lists issued by the National Society of Professional Musicians, prescribed for candidates for certificates of the first three or four grades. And the author is convinced that a similar system might, with very great advantage, be pursued by the most advanced students of piano playing.

DR. HILES'

NEW SONGS.

"THE FIRST SPRING DAY,"

---

"WHENCE? WHITHER?"

*No. 3 of "Three Songs for a Contralto Voice."*

---

REVISED EDITION.

THE WIND.

*No. 2 of "Three Songs for a Contralto Voice."*

---

NEW EDITION.

"AWAKE! SWEET LOVE."

WORDS BY

GERALD MASSEY.

---

\* \* \* EACH FOUR SHILLINGS. \* \* \*

---

MESSRS. FORSYTH BROS., LONDON AND MANCHESTER.



# The Grammar of Music.

A TREATISE ON

## HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, & FORM.

BY DR. HENRY HILES.

IN TWO BOOKS, 7s. 6d. EACH.

Messrs. FORSYTH BROS., LONDON AND MANCHESTER.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Contrary to the usual custom among the writers of elementary works on harmony, &c., Dr. Hiles has not accepted previously enunciated theories as the basis upon which to construct his arguments. He has preferred to think the questions out for himself; and in very truth it must be said that he has succeeded in placing before the student a straightforward, logical, and reasonable plan. The laws of Harmony are deduced naturally and logically from the principle of consonance. No maxim is held binding unless founded upon some natural law; and the illustrative examples (upwards of 400) have been written, not to show a few stereotyped, limitative modes of treatment, but to exhaust all the possible effects of the rules laid down."

"Such is the plan which the author has chosen; and, it must be admitted, admirably and conscientiously carried out through the work. All is clear, plain, and to the purpose, forming as trustworthy a guide as it is possible to desire. In the face of so many theories of different character some of the principles may seem a little daring, but the boldness is that of confidence in the laws of common sense. Dr. Hiles evidently does not acknowledge the connection between the laws of harmonics and the agreement of sounds which form the basis of harmony, for he states (p. 3) 'that harmony is founded on consonance, and has no sort of connection with or reliance upon the phenomena of harmonics. The harmonics of any note include many sounds that never are by a musician audibly and designedly combined with it; and, on the other hand, do not justify or account for even so frequently used a combination as its minor triad!'

"The truth of this statement is palpable. In the like quiet and confident manner the whole of the work is written, and as every position is made good and strengthened, the value of the treatise is thereby enhanced. The laws of dissonances are laid down with convincing authority. The rule relating to consecutive fifths is most clearly and, for the first time, lucidly stated. 'Consecutive fifths are more or less disagreeable, except where there is such an intimate connection between the different combinations that the root of one is the fifth of the other. Such a relationship exists between the triads of the tonic and of the dominant, and between the triads of the tonic and of the subdominant, so that the dependence of the two dominant harmonies upon the tonic, which forms their sole bond of union, is again strongly evidenced.'

"This disposes effectually, because more scientifically, of the hitherto propounded theory that consecutive fifths are objectionable, because they give the idea of 'two keys.'

"There are many other points in the work which are worthy of special note; and were it not that space is limited, some further quotations might be taken, to exhibit the excellent form in which the thoughts and expressions are set out. The book can be recommended with the utmost confidence as a reasonable and truthful exposition of the subject, perfectly consistent in its theories, even though it will be considered at variance with some already proposed schemes. For the reason that the notion of deriving harmonies from a mathematical source is not wholly tenable, but must of necessity admit of modification, many of the works on harmony have been constructed on fancy theories more or less reasonable, or the reverse. If the views of Dr. Hiles are not the conclusive truth of the whole matter, they are at all events stated in a manner which stands more favourably convincing, more 'four-square to the winds of heaven' than any yet proposed on the subject."—*Musical Record*, November, 1879.

"In this second volume of his 'Grammar of Music' Dr. Hiles shows quite as much independence of view as in the first. He rejects at the outset all those rules of the old contrapuntists which are not really observed by modern composers. The student, he says, 'should strive to exhibit in his contrapuntal writing a control of the immense resources of advanced harmony; and nothing would so hinder his progress in the higher branches of the art as a blind, unreasoning submission to the rules of former ages.' Such an obvious truth should not require to be urged at the present day; yet we can see that it is needed when we turn to Cherubini's 'Cours de Contrepoint et de Fugue,' and find that this great modern authority forbids the use in melody of the major and minor seventh, the major sixth, the diminished fifth, and the tritone. One example given by Dr. Hiles is specially constructed so as to show how the old rules may be broken at every accent, and almost at every pulse, without producing a bad effect. But, as these obsolete dogmas are still dear to examiners, Dr. Hiles includes them in his treatise for the benefit of any student who may happen to require them. The examples in this section of the work are numerous and interesting. They include the 'Old Hundredth' treated in a variety of ways, some extracts from already published works of Dr. Hiles, and from the compositions of Purcell, Bach, Mendelssohn, &c. Those from Beethoven's 'Studies' are singularly unlike in style to his musical compositions, and some of them are written in mediæval church modes. Dr. Hiles does not explain the peculiarities of these scales; which, indeed, have little interest nowadays for the musician, except when he finds them in an ecclesiastical subject or in a national melody which he

may have to harmonise. It is remarkable that many of these old subjects cannot be accompanied by chords in the massive style, while, on the other hand, the themes of modern music rarely have stamina enough to bear contrapuntal treatment. Yet several of the most noted composers of the day, as, for instance, Wagner and Brahms, have proved themselves masters of counterpoint. The student who wishes to have his part in the revival of this old, but ever necessary, branch of composition, will find much in Dr. Hille's work to assist him. He will see that the object of the study is not to write under unnatural restrictions, nor to imitate an antiquated style, but to produce melodious part writing.

"The Section on Form commences with an analysis of Rhythm. Dr. Hille does not approve of the modern method of barring, in which each bar is made to include as few notes as possible, and in which, therefore, the complete rhythmic measure may consist of three or four bars. The inconvenience of this method is, he thinks, particularly shown in the notation of waltzes, where four of the conventional bars go to make up a rhythmic measure. Many of the movements in Handel's oratorios, the 'Lacrymosa' of Mozart's Requiem, and the slow movement of Beethoven's 'Pastoral Symphony' show the complete phrases noted as single bars. Modern editors have sometimes altered this method of barring, as in the chorus, 'And with His stripes,' supposing that the great number of notes in each bar rendered the music difficult to read.

"The combination of phrases into sentences is next dealt with; and then the minuet, the march, the rondo, and the sonata form are explained. Mention ought to have been made of the peculiar developments which the concerto and the overture have gone through. Lastly, the fugue is treated at some length, and a variety of examples of real and tonal answers are given. Dr. Hille points out the close analogy which exists between the sections of the fugue and those of the sonata form, showing that the old masters already discerned those principles of construction which modern composers have worked out with so much beauty of detail.

"The great task which musical theorists have before them at present is to bring the old rules into agreement with the practice of modern composers, and to found their explanations on the demonstrated truths of science. The day of personal 'systems' has long passed away. Dr. Hille's treatise seems to us one of the most successful efforts in this work of transformation."—*Musical Times, October 1889.*

"In a former notice of the first part of this excellent work, a description of its character and objects, and the points in which it differs or departs from the teaching ordinarily offered on the subject by old-fashioned masters, was given. It is not necessary now to repeat that which must be familiar to all who, interested in the subject, read the remarks. The present book takes up the work where the previous part ended, and carries the reader through the intricacies of part-writing or counterpoint in a manner which may be unreservedly commended for its common sense. The remarks, definitions, and explanations are terse, clear, honest, and to the purpose, convincing the reader that the author thoroughly knows his subject, has thought it all well out, and is therefore possessed of the power which comes of knowledge. He does not attempt to overload his teaching with needless verbiage, as is too often the case with those who write books upon a subject with which they are only imperfectly acquainted. One sentence from the pages may be quoted as offering a key to his style of writing, and a fair statement of the directness of purpose with which the subject is approached: 'It is most important that a young musician should, as early as possible, acquire that quickness of perception as to the relationship and tendencies of sounds which is essentially and characteristically modern. He should strive to exhibit in his contrapuntal writing a control of the immense resources of advanced harmony; and nothing would so hinder his progress in the higher branches of the art as a blind, unreasoning submission to the rules of former ages.' This will sufficiently indicate that the plan of the whole work is essentially modern, and is marked by a lively sympathy for recent thought. It may therefore be accepted with confidence as the guide and familiar friend of those students who desire to acquire the art of expressing their musical ideas in a living, and not in a fossilised, fashion.

"The like principles guide his directions as to the meaning, the use, and the construction of Form, which completes the present part. Did space permit, nothing would be more agreeable than to follow each section of this valuable contribution to art step by step, and to show why it is so inestimably valuable to students of to-day. Such a process would not be a greater recommendation than that which is offered in the few words written above, and which the reader can only interpret for his way. Should there be any doubt concerning the value and utility of the work, the question could be solved in a very short time after each one who desired to judge for himself had made himself the happy possessor of a copy."—*Musical Record, November, 1889.*

"In almost every department of learning there has, during the last few years, been so thorough a recognition of the necessity of saving the time of the learner by a consistent and clear exposition of the subject taught, as practically to triple or quadruple the student's opportunities of acquiring knowledge.

"Even in the practical side of music very earnest endeavour has been made so to systematise the course of instruction of the young instrumentalist as to achieve the greatest possible result with the utmost economy of time.

"But, in teaching the construction of music, we to a great extent follow the dilatory, extra-vagant, loitering course of the ages before railways were invented.

"It is our study of harmony few of us have not, at some period or other, been perplexed by the fragmentary, unconnected character of the rules advanced; by the want of some leading principle, and by the evident absurdity of the supposition that the natural—therefore immutable—laws of sound could be subject to any 'exception' or 'licence.'

"What a sore puzzle, too, was the so-called 'strict style'; with its few poverty-stricken, cold harmonies, its faulty treatment of the simplest dissonances, its false relations, and its unfathomable, impossible-to-be-understood difficulty about the use of an inverted fifth!

"Did any of us get out of our own early scholastic fetters without chafing at the waste of time of which we had been the victims, and without a contempt for the trifle of perplexities through which we had been condemned to wade?

Thus the want of some modernized, standard, authoritative book, in which the question of the relation of sounds (in its two phases of combined and of consecutive sounds) should be explained in a common-sense manner, divested of all fanciful, middle-age obscurity, has been so long and so generally felt, that any hesitation we may feel in calling attention to Dr. Henry Hiles' new work arises only from a conviction that long ere this most of those interested in the subject must have made themselves acquainted with a treatise which—because of its own intrinsic merits and the reputation of its author—will certainly attract a widespread attention.

"But those who have already looked through the 'Grammar of Music'—as the work is aptly titled—will be convinced that therein lies matter for very serious and earnest study.

"Our author discards all fanciful derivation of chords from privileged harmonic-generating roots—whether those roots be the tonic of a key, with its upper and under dominants, or the tonic and the second and fifth of its diatonic scale.

"According to Dr. Hiles, what—for want of a better name—is called the 'root' of a consonant triad, is simply that sound with which the other notes best agree, that foundation upon which the chord may be most firmly and sonorously built.

"In every inversion of a consonant triad a portion of the resonant power—as well as the agreement of the sounds—is lost: but, in both respects, the second inversion has an advantage over the first, and has more resemblance to the natural form of the chord.

"Thus the obscurity which has hitherto appertained to the use of the second inversion of a common chord is cleared away; and the difficulty is shown to be one of progression—not of combination—and, therefore, to belong to what may be called the contrapuntal side of harmony. It is, in fact, a question of consecutive or hidden fourths, and therefore is governed by laws entirely analogous to those guiding to the right use of consecutive or hidden fifths—of which these fourths are the inversions.

"Perhaps, with reference to the theory of music, nothing has recently been advanced more masterly than the simple, comprehensive, easily-remembered rule which regulates the use of consecutive fifths and their inversions. Had Dr. Hiles done nothing more than brush away the perplexity with which theorists have contrived to surround the subject of consecutive consonances, he would have deserved the gratitude of all students of harmony.

"But this is only one of the services which our author has rendered to musical science.

"Inevitably, the gradual advance of knowledge of harmony-principles has tended to enlarged notions of key-relationship. In olden time seven (or fewer) sounds, and the triads they formed, were supposed to exhaust the influence of one tonic. In fact, nicer gradations of pitch were scarcely recognised. Many of the musical instruments in use were so incomplete as not to afford them; and, just as nowadays the young rustic is with difficulty made to appreciate semi-tonal steps (except, perhaps, when they occur just as in the scale to which the village church bells have accustomed him,) so the nicer gradations of pitch were very slowly incorporated into the family of any tonic, and were admitted into the harmony system with the utmost timidity. Perhaps in no art so much as in music has an almost cowardly cleaving to old notions clogged all advance. And in the history of music we again and again read of the uproar with which any departure from old, arbitrary dogmas has been received; and of the fierce struggle against prejudice which innovation ever has had to fight.

"What a hard struggle for admission into the key-family of sounds major triads upon the second, third, and sixth of a scale have had!

"For how long a time the first inversion only of a certain triad was tolerated, under the title of a 'Napolitan sixth.'

"The detestation with which the conservative theorists of the time received and denounced Beethoven's Overture to 'Prometheus,' and his first Symphony (each commencing with a minor seventh upon the tonic chord), is well remembered.

"The controversy concerning the opening of Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' rages to the present moment.

"What confidence had we, in our early studies in harmony, in the theory which was upset by the very first piece of music we took up?

"Dr. Hiles shows that all these disputed, and many other, chords are members of one key-family of harmonies; has used them and classified them; and has analysed and recorded their various tendencies.

"Modulation being recognised to be—not the introduction of one of the less-related notes of a chromatic scale, but such combinations or sequences of sounds as will entirely disturb the hold of the ear upon the old tonic, and fix it upon a new resting sound—numberless beautiful progressions are offered to the free use of the musician without subjecting him to the oft, and most ignorantly made, charge of restless tonality. For it is incontestable that, judged by the old notion of key-relationship and limit, modern music could not be justified. Either the limits of a key are far wider than is generally taught; or the necessity of tonal relationship is all humbug.

"In his treatment of dissonances, Dr. Hiles consistently and clearly follows the principles already advanced.

"As it is consonance that rules alike a chord and a key (or tribe of chords), so it is argued that any sound of the chromatic scale (or of any chromatic scale that could be invented) of any root in the key may be used upon that root without necessarily causing modulation; the disturbing influence of a remote chord being only slightly increased by the emphasis which is given to it by the addition of the member of its chromatic family.

"Some 150 examples clearly and convincingly demonstrate the truth of the simple rules given; and, as we think, so exhaust the subject as to leave nothing to be added by future writers.

"Again, the theory of pedal sounds is novel and striking. The very largest liberty in the selection of overlying harmonies is allowed; but it is declared that no such thing as an 'inverted' pedal does, or could, exist. Unquestionably many chords—all chords, if the progressions of the several parts be properly arranged—may be taken underneath their root-sounds: but the holding of a tonic or dominant over all the changing harmonies of the key is a very different matter. We think it may safely be asserted that the old theory of 'inverted pedals' cannot be upheld. Indeed, does not the very title mark its absurdity?

"But, who, among the bewildered students of our old books upon 'counterpoint'—as, totally

without 'point,' the art of part-writing is still called—will not be thankful for the real, logical system now placed before him?

"The art of part-writing—or of the interweaving of melodies of different characters is, for ever, robbed of the perplexity which (because of the notoriously unreal nature of the old rules) has hitherto obscured its study.

"Having fully mastered the laws regulating all combinations of sounds and the tendencies of dissonances, no fresh rules for the progressions of florid parts (of whatever pattern) could be needed. Almost the only consideration is, what must be the effect of each dissonant sound? And that a knowledge of harmony tells us.

"Consequently, the different patterns of part-writing, or of combining several parts—each having its own character, and, by contrasting with its fellow parts, heightening the general effect—is treated in a novel and eminently practical manner; and not as a mere code of obsolete rules, which, although having no influence in the construction of modern music, is invested with some mysterious, magical charm, as initiating the student into the practice of a stricter style (!) of working: the so-called 'strict style' being founded upon the crudest notions of harmony, and the most timid and inconsistent use of dissonance.

"About a hundred and thirty examples of all kinds of counterpoint are given, and numerous references are made to works in which the student may find larger specimens. We think it may safely be asserted that our author has left little that is new, or interesting, to be added to this portion of his essay.

"It should be mentioned, however, that to the real rules of each species of part-writing are appended those obsolete dogmas for which—in most previous works—a kind of authority has half-apologetically, and most comically, been claimed; and which are still upheld in those antiquarian curiosities called 'examination papers.'

"Having analyzed the principles upon which sounds may be harmoniously combined, and upon which melodies should be constructed, having pointed out the various modes in which themes may be interwoven—in other words, having exhaustively treated all points connected with the pitch of sounds—Dr. Hiles turns to that other side of music, viz., the duration of sounds; and by dissecting all the classified forms of composition (or, rather, by building upon the simple principle of responsive, march-like pulses), deduces the laws of rhythmic swing, the punctuation of musical sentences, and the structural outline of all classical (or classified) musical forms.

"The originality of this portion of the 'Grammar' cannot be questioned, or overrated. Here, as elsewhere, everything is clearly stated, and amply illustrated.

"The musical language—like the literary—is mapped out by its dividing commas, semicolons, periods, and paragraphs; is punctuated by the more or less conclusive cadences, which coincide with the completion of its rhythmic steps. While each sentence is to be modelled in due proportion and balance, the whole composition is to have a logical, definite purpose. The interest of the chief themes, or texts, is to be intensified by all the resources of the art. The necessary intervals of comparative repose (afforded by the use of near-akin scales, &c.), the excitement of free modulation, the variety of contrast in rhythm, style, and instrumentation are all insisted upon."—*The Orchestra*, April, 1881.

"In no department of learning has there been more urgent need of thorough research, and unflinching honesty of purpose, than in the analysis of those laws of sound upon which all true music must be built. No text books have been so miserably behind the age as those professing to explain the construction of music. Based upon, and going but little beyond, the crudities of a period when the science of harmony was in its infancy, they have been wholly inadequate for the explanation of many of the chief beauties of advanced modern art. To quote from the book before us ('The Grammar of Music,' by Henry Hiles: Forsyth Brothers), 'so wedded are many theorists to old dogmas and crudities, that most perplexing attempts are made, first to condemn, and (when this is no longer possible) to explain as an irregularity which only consummate genius could authorize, any chord or passage not entirely agreeing with maxims invented when the sounds in use were almost confined to the seven notes of a diatonic scale, and the cadences and other progressions were of stereotyped form.' Dr. Hiles' 'Grammar' is the result of an earnest grappling with the subject by one evidently determined to search to the depths for his foundations, and to build up a system defying all cavil. The work is not an immature collection of unsupported rules, but a legitimate deduction from immutable natural laws. Our space will permit us only briefly to point out its peculiarly strong features. 1. The vexed question of consecutions is laid to rest, and the hitherto unexplained difficulty of the use of second inversions of consonant triads is shown to be governed by one simple principle. 2. 'False relation' is deprived of the obscurity hitherto surrounding it, and its different degrees of pungency classified. 3. Key relationship is analyzed, and the various tendencies of its constituent sounds and combinations pointed out. 4. The resolutions, or leanings, of dissonances are no longer confined to the limits of a few commonplace progressions, with the pet 'licences' of classical authors added, but are exhaustively extended to their utmost limits, and tabulated. 5. Counterpoint (or 'part-writing,' as Dr. Hiles prefers to call it) is treated from altogether a modern point of view, and the unanimity with which critics have extolled this portion of the 'Grammar' is striking evidence of the absurdity of the old rules and of the general yearning for some more sensible and consistent code. The concluding section of the work deals in an entirely novel manner with the question of 'Form,' or constructive outline. Starting from the law of pulsation, Dr. Hiles deduces step by step the formation and punctuation of phrases, sentences, paragraphs, and chapters, till the highest symphonic development of modern genius appears to spring naturally and systematically from the responsive rhythmic steps essential to the march of the simplest melody. The work is clearly and sometimes eloquently written. Forming the basis of the admirable lectures which its author delivers at the Owens College, it cannot fail to attract in Manchester, as it has already done in London, that attention which will suffice to effect a very desirable reformation in the teaching of the scientific scale of music."—*Manchester Guardian*, July 27th, 1881.

THE MOST ADVANCED WORK ON  
PART-WRITING,

OR

*Modern Counterpoint.*

A TREATISE BY

*Dr. HENRY HILES;*

WITH NUMEROUS EXAMPLES OF

DOUBLE, TRIPLE, & QUADRUPLE INVERTIBLE,

AND

CANONIC PART-WRITING,

**BASED UPON MODERN HARMONY;**

And showing the applicability of the various dissonant chords, which a  
chromatic scale affords, to all patterns of melodic combination.

---

PRICE 3s. 6d.

---

Messrs. NOVELLO, EWER and CO.,  
LONDON AND NEW YORK.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"We congratulate Dr. Hiles upon the care and thought he has bestowed upon his task."—*Musical Times, April, 1884.*

"There can be no doubt that the work will effect a change of opinions on the subject, inasmuch as it is well known that the stated rules of counterpoint are hampered by so many exceptions in modern practice that the rules themselves are the exception. With the design of making practice conformable to experience, and of establishing precepts which shall be agreeable to common sense, Dr. Hiles has written this book, which forms part of a chain of reasoning, the first links of which are to be found in the author's 'Grammar of Music.' To minds capable of appreciating the logic of the matter, apart from the technical details which have chiefest interest for musicians, to whom the work may be heartily commended, the plan proposed in 'Part-Writing' must carry conviction. Musicians have felt for years that a reconstruction of the rules of counterpoint was necessary, and have eagerly looked into every work recently issued from the press on the subject. These have simply respected the former precepts which might have been valuable in centuries past, when the limited number of keys and progressions employed could be reduced to a limited treatment. But as time progressed, as the "tempered" scale became more generally employed, and a wider range of keys and chord combinations became possible, the structure became so altered that the old foundations were unable to sustain the additions. With wider experience and greater needs, it became necessary to construct a new edifice on a broader basis, with a more liberal plan. This has been attempted in the present work, with a success that cannot but be regarded as a most important step in the history of modern music."—*Morning Post, April 4, 1884.*

"Whatever comes from the pen of Dr. Hiles in matters musical deserves to be read with care and attention. He is known throughout England as a sound musician and a thorough master of the art he professes. He has also the courage of his opinions, and has on several occasions written in no measured terms as to the absurdity of many of the old rules of musical theory. He says truly in his preface, 'that for at least the last 150 years music has been written in absolute defiance of those maxims which many of our living teachers still feebly advocate, and for which they affect a mysterious reverence.' Believing this to be so, we hail with pleasure any effort to simplify what doubtless is a most intricate and difficult study. Why should all the glamour of the past still cling to the study of music, and render it more difficult than it necessarily is? Dr. Hiles divides his work into two-part writing, three-part writing, four-part writing, and irregular part writing. There are numerous examples, and it is an honest attempt—whether it succeeds or not—to make the art of part-writing simpler: the art, in Dr. Hiles' hands, being shorn of many of its useless technicalities and 'its pedantic scholarship and ingenuity.' It scarcely need be said that Dr. Hiles assumes that those who read his 'Part-Writing, or Modern Counterpoint, will be well acquainted with modern harmony."—*Manchester Courier, April 26, 1884.*

"The preface is so bold, yet so true, that it is best to give the greater part of it:—

"In no branch of learning is there a greater need of light and perspicuity, than in the teaching of what is still—most absurdly—called "Counterpoint."

"The most recently published guide books show very little advance beyond the crude maxims which, even two centuries ago, expressed the conservative restrictions, rather than the practical skill, of the age; and which were propounded by men whose knowledge and talent were grossly out of proportion to the weight still attached to their opinions, and the credulity with which their dogmas are quoted.

"Every musician knows—however reluctantly he may acknowledge—that for, at least, the last hundred and fifty years, music has been written in absolute defiance of those maxims which many of our living teachers still feebly advocate; and for which they affect a mysterious reverence.

"So utterly has the whole code of rules of so-called "Counterpoint" shrunk behind the knowledge and requirements of the time that it is impossible to mention any other subject of study in which theory and practice are so thoroughly at variance.

"In one of the parts of the author's "Grammar of Music" (published in 1879 by Messrs. Forsyth Bros.), an attempt was made to explain the principle of effective modern part-writing; the old maxim (still dear to compilers of examination papers) being briefly quoted at the ends of the sections. Further consideration has convinced the author that it would have been fairer and kinder to young students not—even to so slight an extent—to aid in the perpetuation of dogmas so entirely antiquated.

"In the following pages he has treated his subject without reference to any exploded views; in the full and confident belief that the irritating restrictions, which have so long hindered the teaching of part-writing, must very soon be removed."—*The Orchestra, June 1, 1884.*



## A NEW OPERETTA.

---

# War in the Household.

(DER HÄUSLICHE KRIEG.)

THE GERMAN WORDS BY J. Z. CASTELLI:

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

MARIAN MILLAR.

THE MUSIC BY

DR. HENRY HILES.

Price 4s.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER & CO.,  
LONDON AND NEW YORK.

---

"The composer of this Operetta rightly felt that he had an excellent subject for the exercise of his talents, and has thrown an earnestness into his task which has produced admirable results. The dramatic power, indeed, evidenced in many of the scenes, is extremely striking, and gives a brightness to the effect of the story upon the listeners which, with more conventional and monotonous musical colouring, might become wearisome. All the choruses are full of life, and admirably illustrative of the text, that of the lady conspirators, in which they swear allegiance to the Countess, that of the dames and knights, cleverly carrying on the plot and counterplot, and the Finale, in which, as usual, all are made happy, being good specimens of the composer's power of effectively grasping the varied situations of the little domestic drama, and especially of throwing a mock heroic air over some of the ultra-martial declarations both of the male and female characters. There are, also, some well-written duets, amongst which "Tis vain to strive," for Contralto and Baritone, must be especially commended. The short desponding air, "I creep about," for Contralto, may also be mentioned in terms of praise; the 5-8 time, however, in which it is written, sounding to us—like all music thus marked—in alternate bars of 3 and 2. We sincerely hope that we may shortly hear this Operetta in public."—*The Musical Times*, April, 1885.



# Messrs. NOVELLO, EWER & CO.

(LONDON AND NEW YORK)

PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING WORKS BY

## Dr. HENRY HILES.

"THE PATRIARCHS," a Pastoral Oratorio (cloth) .....21/-

(Several of the Songs are published separately.)

	S. D.
"WAR IN THE HOUSEHOLD," an Operetta in one Act .....	4 0
"FAYRE PASTOREL," a Cantata.....	4 6
"THE CRUSADERS," a Sacred Cantata ..	2 6
"O GIVE THANKS," a Prize Anthem of the COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS; for SIX Voices .....	5 0
"SING TO THE LORD," a Festival Anthem; for SIX Voices.....	4 6
"I WAS GLAD," a Festival Anthem, for Tenor Solo and Four Voices .....	4 0
<i>The Chorus parts separately.</i>	
"SEND OUT THY LIGHT," a Chorus from the preceding (Svo) .....	0 3
"THE LORD WILL COMFORT ZION," a Full Anthem, for Four Voices .....	1 6
" " " " (Svo) ....	0 6
"I WILL LAY ME DOWN IN PEACE," for Tenor Solo and Chorus .....	0 9
" " " " (Svo) ....	0 3
"THE LORD IS MY LIGHT," a Full Anthem .....	1 6
" " " " (Svo) ....	0 3
"GOD IS OUR REFUGE," a Full Anthem (Svo) .....	0 6
"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL," a Full Anthem .....	0 6
" " " " (Svo) ....	0 1½
"WHEREWITHAL SHALL A YOUNG MAN?" Tenor Solo and Chorus (Svo).....	0 3
"I AM WELL PLEASED," Tenor Solo and Chorus (Svo) .....	1 0
"GRACIOUS AND RIGHTEOUS," a Chorus from the preceding (Svo) .....	0 4
A MORNING SERVICE IN F, chiefly in unison, with Orchestral Accompaniment arranged for the Organ (Svo)...	0 8
AN EVENING SERVICE IN F " " " " ..	0 8
A CATHEDRAL FESTIVAL SERVICE IN G, with free Organ Accompaniment ..	8 0
<i>Also each Canticle, and the Chorus parts, separately.</i>	
"WE MARCH," a Processional Hymn, with free Accompaniment.....	1 6

	S. D.
TWELVE TUNES, to New and Favourite Hymns (Svo) .....	1 0
THE "MAGNIFICAT," to the First Gregorian Tone, with free Accompaniment (Svo) .....	0 2
THE "WESLEY TUNE BOOK," edited by Dr. Hiles .....	3 0

### FOR THE ORGAN.

A PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN D MINOR ..	1 9
SIX IMPROMPTUS.....	3 6
A SECOND SET OF SIX IMPROMPTUS ....	4 0
AN AIR, varied .....	1 6
A FESTIVAL MARCH .....	3 0
A FANTASIA (1st Year's Prize Work of the COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS) .....	3 0
THE ANDANTE from the preceding.....	1 6
A PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN A (2nd Year's Prize Work of the COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS) .....	2 0
SONATA IN G MINOR (3rd Year's Prize Work of the COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS) ..	3 0

### SECULAR CHORAL WORKS.

SIX FOUR-PART SONGS (Part-Song Book No. 9).....	1 0
"HUSHED IN DEATH," a Prize Glee for A.T.B.B. of the Manchester Gentlemen's Glee Club (Svo) .....	0 6
"Arranged for S.C.T.B. (Svo) .....	0 6
"THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS," a Dramatic Chorus-Glee, S.C.T.B. (Svo) ..	0 6
"THE CALM OF THE SEA," a Descriptive Glee for S.C.T.B. (Svo).....	0 4

These three Glees were, at the Manchester Competition, returned at the head of the Compositions submitted.

### INSTRUCTION BOOKS.

FIRST LESSONS, Finger Exercises, Scales, and Arpeggios (for the Piano).	
PART-WRITING; or Modern Counterpoint. Containing rules and examples of all species of Double, Triple, and Quadruple Invertible Counterpoint and Canon .....	3 6

# Messrs. FORSYTH BROS.

(LONDON & MANCHESTER)

PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING WORKS BY

## Dr. HENRY HILES.

### SONGS.

AN EVENING SONG (Treble or Tenor).	} Each ... .. 4s.
INFANT SLUMBERS.	
TO BLOSSOMS.	
"CHIDE, IF THOU WILT."	
"STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT."	
A DOUBTING HEART.	} Or the Six together (Royal Quarto)... .. 4s.
"AWAKE! SWEET LOVE" ... ..	
A LAMENT FOR THE SUMMER ... ..	A Nuptial Song, for a Tenor. Contralto.
"THE WIND" ... ..	"
EACH 4s.	

A VOCAL TUTOR for the development of the Voice, with numerous Exercises.  
6s.

### A CANTATA FOR WOMEN'S VOICES.

"WATCHFULNESS" (The Parable of the Ten Virgins) ... .. 4s.

### FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

"PHILLIS" ... .. A Gavotte ... .. 4s.  
"LA BELLE" VALE ... .. Nos. 1 to 4. ... .. Each 1s.

## MESSRS. WEEKES & CO., CONDUIT STREET, LONDON,

PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING WORKS:—

"PUCK" ... ..	A Sketch (for the Piano) ... ..	s.	d.
"TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW" ... ..	A Song ... ..	4	0
"THE GOLDEN HAIR THAT GALLA WEARS IS HER'S" ... ..	A Humorous Glee, 8vo } ... ..	0	6

MESSRS. PARKINSON & SON, MANCHESTER, PUBLISH

"DREAMLAND" ... .. A Song ... .. 4 0

MR. JOHN HEYWOOD, MANCHESTER, PUBLISHES

FIRST LESSONS IN SINGING (a Pamphlet) ... .. 0 6

